

# The Improvement

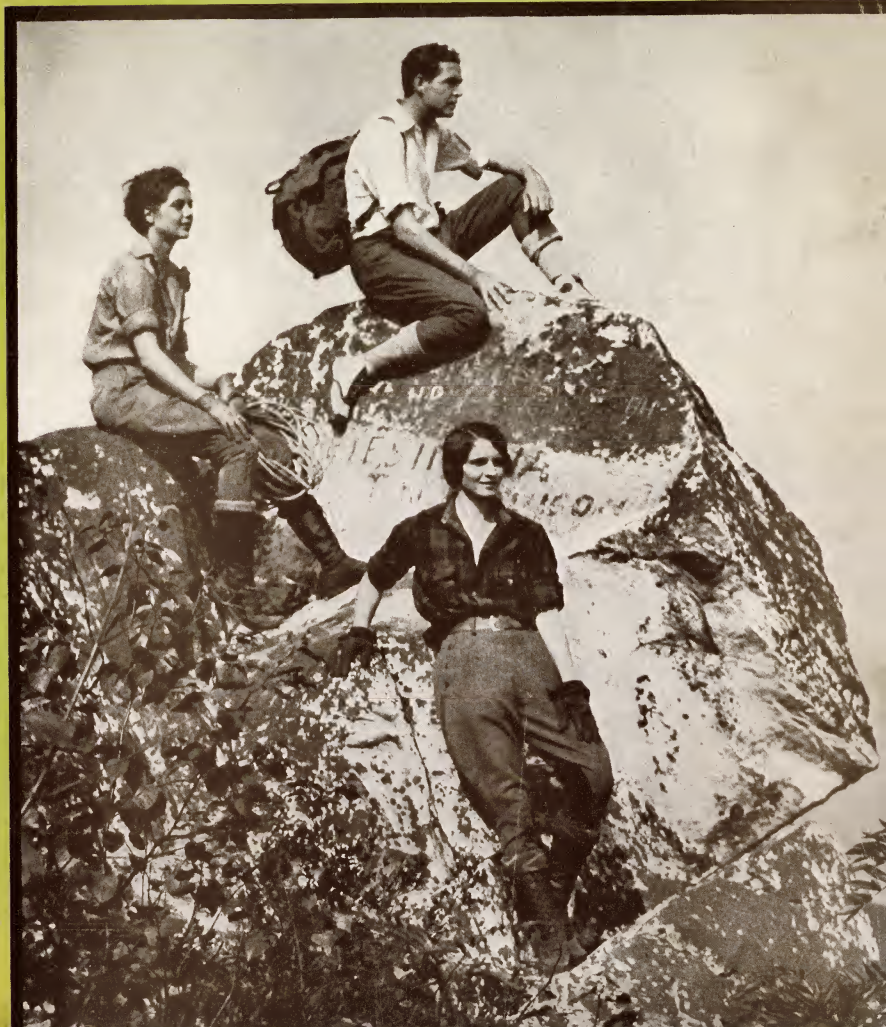
# ERA

VOLUME 34

AUGUST, 1931

NUMBER 10

Return Postage Guaranteed



# Quality Education for Utah Students



UTAHNS are thoroughly appreciative of the high educational standards maintained by the state's highest institution of learning. This fact is attested by the constantly increasing enrollment, so that there are now more students at *The University of Utah* than in all other institutions of higher learning in the state. Certainly quality work has attracted the additional students.

## HIGHEST SCHOLASTIC STANDARDS

are rigidly enforced, so that University of Utah credits are fully accepted everywhere in the educational world. All fully qualified students will be welcomed and will receive the best the state has to offer in educational work. A broad curriculum presented by a faculty of broad and excellent training, amid truly educational surroundings is the offering to those students who are interested in obtaining a University education of high quality.

## REGISTRATION DATES

Freshmen students must send in an application blank, and have their credits sent in as soon as possible. Freshmen who did not take the English and psychological examinations in the high schools last spring must be present September 23. All freshmen must register September 24, and attend special instructional classes September 25 and 26. Former students and transfer students from other universities must register September 28. Regular class work starts September 29.

## Make Your Plans Now to Attend Utah's Highest Institution of Learning

School of Arts and Sciences  
School of Education  
School of Mines and Engineering

Extension Division

School of Law  
School of Medicine  
School of Business



For Catalog or other information, Address, The President,

# UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



## FORECAST

FEW men in this or any other community have had a more colorful experience than President Anthony W. Ivins. A natural born frontiersman, he was outstanding as a pioneer just as he has been outstanding in the important positions which he was later called upon to fill. A story of covered wagon days, full of drama and romance, as related by him, is promised for our next issue.

THE Law of Chastity is the title of an article from the pen of Elder Joseph Fielding Smith which has been secured for the September number. This Church leader is noted for the courage with which he attacks every form of evil, and this contribution contains a warning, from one who has been placed as a watchman on the tower, which it will be well for all to heed.

DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE, gifted in his ability to teach by parable, has given us a gem which carries a beautiful lesson—one which will inspire young and old to reach out for the better things of life.

CHOICE poems, some of them submitted in our prize poem contest, will appear in the next number.

A "MORMON" boy, Jesse Mortensen, was recently crowned as the world's greatest athlete. A story of his achievements from the expert pen of Les Goates is already in the hands of the illustrator.

GREATNESS in Men. The title suggests marvelous possibilities, and when treated by as ready a writer and clear a thinker as President Bryant S. Hinckley, of the Liberty stake, it is something which will be awaited with interest. The article is the first of a series in which the lives of eminent men in this community will be treated.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, JR., has furnished the *Era* with an excellent description of the Word of Wisdom exhibit held recently in Salt Lake City. It will appear in September.

# The Improvement ERA

Melvin J. Ballard  
Business Manager

Clarissa A. Beesley  
Associate Business Manager

O. B. Peterson, Ass't. Business Manager

George O. Morris  
Rachel Grant Taylor  
Chairmen Era and Publicity

**Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education**

Copyright, 1930, by the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

## CONTENTS

Title	Author	Page
Our Poetry Contest		570
Wild Plum	Jessie Miller Robinson	570
Tubac's Chapel Bell is Tolling	Rufus D. Johnson	570
Editorials		
Asenath, Wife of Joseph	Anthony W. Ivins	571
An Object Lesson	Hugh J. Cannon	572
The Mormon Pioneer Caravan of 1931	Clarissa A. Beesley	573
Rock Creek (Poem)	Rachel Grant Taylor	575
Why This is the Place	Ruth M. Marshall	576
Homes—Then and Now	Hon. Arthur M. Hyde	579
Facing Life	Dr. Adam S. Bennion	581
Abraham's Three Visitors	Sidney B. Sperry	583
Evan Stephens	Joseph E. Richards	584
Keys to Lost Locks	Edgar A. Goodspeed	586
Some August Anniversaries	L. D. Stearns	588
Grave of Historical Figure Obscure and Unknown	Clara E. Seemann	589
Over the Top	Katie C. Jensen	591
The Workmanship of Your Own Hand	Glen J. Beesley	593
Flames	Rachel Grant Taylor	593
A Daughter of Martha (A Serial Story)	Ivy Williams Stone	594
Fay Lawler Tenderfoot (A Story)	Harrison R. Merrill	598
Embers (A Story)	Elsie Chamberlain Carroll	604
Open Windows (A Story)	Blanche Stockdale Burr	607
Glancing Through (Summaries of Magazine Articles)	Elsie T. Brandley	609
Foods for Health	Adah R. Naylor	611
Poetry		612
Mountains and Men	Grace McKinstry	
August	Fae Decker Dix	
Silhouettes	Ivyn L. Warnock	
In Memoriam	G. Adelle Skov	
The Congo	Georhee Lewis	
The Pony Express	Carter E. Grant	
Silver	Margaret F. Smith	
The Swing	Alice Taylor	
Church Music Committee		613
Priesthood Quorums		614
Mutual Messages		615

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October, 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

(Return Postage Guaranteed.)

Manuscripts submitted without the statement, "At usual rates," are considered free contributions. Photographs, unless their return is especially requested, will be destroyed.

Published monthly at Salt Lake City by the M. I. A. General Boards; \$2 per annum. Address: Room 406 Church Office Building.



# Our Poetry Contest

NEARLY two hundred poems were submitted in the Era contest. The judges, after careful deliberation, awarded the prize offered for the best poem, written by one whose work has appeared in print, to Jessie Miller Robinson, for "Wild Plum."

Rufus D. Johnson's "Tubac's Chapel Bell is Tolling" wins the prize as the best poem submitted by an author whose work has not yet appeared in print.

There were many excellent contributions. A number of them will appear in early issues of the Era. Among them will be "The Tapestry of Life," "Fidelity," "Ashes for Beauty," "Sonnet," "Query," "Spring Sunset," "Spring Hills," "To a Poet," "A Prayer," "Mother, I Love You," "To a Son," "Boyhood Memories," "The Sail," "On the Hills," "Summer Heart."



## Wild Plum

By Jessie Miller Robinson

PLUM tree by the roadside,  
Your fruit ungarnered waste,  
Yet prodigal of bloom—  
We pass you in our haste.

But once a child looked on your misty white,  
And soft your petals fell for his delight.  
Wee linnets caroled joy for honeyed grace  
Beneath that parasol of scented lace.  
Seeing your bravery, sad-roaming men  
Took heart, and sought their dreams again.  
And all who glimpse your April bough  
Have found an Eden . . . now.

Plum tree by the roadside,  
Lovely vision in the rain,  
Your bloom is never squandered,  
Your fruit is never vain.



## Tubac's Chapel Bell is Tolling

By Rufus D. Johnson

YOU know the town of Tubac on the gleaming Santa Cruz  
With squat adobe presidio, and mud of somber hues?  
The mimosa's thick about and there's loads of scrub mesquite,  
And through the old-time plaza winds a single village street.

Tubac's chapel bell is tolling  
Sending rhythm to us rolling  
In our camp beside the sandy Santa Cruz.  
By our blazing camp-fire tolling  
Hark to Tubac's solemn tolling!  
On the winding, gleaming, sandy Santa Cruz.

The evening mess is over and the dusk is creeping down  
And twinkling lights in greaser shacks begin to dot the town.  
Our fire flames 'neath massive branch of kingly cottonwood  
Which for ages past upon this bank has silent vigil stood.

There's chirp of shrill cicada and the bay of distant dogs,  
Gray smoke wafes down the river lit with sparks from  
burning logs.  
From off drab hills of Mexico the wind a low sigh weaves  
Bestirring the age-old cottonwood to rustling croon of leaves.

In glow of gleaming glory, back of Santa Rita's crest,  
As though to reconnoiter ere the journey to the west  
The questioning moon peeps shyly at our campfire's lurid  
blaze.  
Then clears the rim of Rita in a veil of autumn haze.

A ruddy glow and glimmer in the rustling leaves a-shimmer  
Bring about us ghosts of years ago, now slowly growing  
dimmer.

What tales could this old alamo tell if every leaf had tongue?  
In truth, it was a sturdy tree when Tubac's life was young.

In robes of Jesuit priesthood did old Padre Kino stand  
Beneath this very cottonwood, 'mong first to view this land?  
Who knows? Perhaps while passing from Guevavi to del Bac,  
He built his fire where our's gleams and trod this very track!

And ere the missions' domes were reared, while yet a barren  
land  
He may have crossed the river here and walked upon this  
strand.

Perhaps he watched the moon from here, and caught the  
river's gleam  
And mused of youth in far Tyrol, then like a vagrant dream.

Do ghosts of Spanish dons still dwell in Tubac's ruined walls?  
Do souls of Pima sentinels still hark for savage calls?  
For once from Tubac's gates went forth to Tumacacori's aid  
Bands of stalwart fighting men to quell Apache raid.

When proud Castillian's hold was loosed from Sonora to the  
sound

The wolf Apaches' roving hordes yet held their native ground.  
Did wily old Geronimo, encamped beneath this tree  
Plan rapine and slaughter 'mid sinister shouts of glee?

### L'envoi

Heigh ho! Those days are distant far,—the present's here  
with me  
And this same moon is gleaming fair on you by Utah's sea.  
This moon, though old in Kino's time, to me is ever new,—  
I watch it calmly sailing high, and dream, my dear, of you.



# EDITORIAL

Hugh J. Cannon  
Managing Editor



Elsie Talmage Brandley  
Associate Editor

Heber J. Grant, Editor

## Asenath, Wife of Joseph

By PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

"Neither shalt thou make marriages with them. Thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son." (Deut. 7:3.)

**W**HEN the Lord called Abraham from his home at Ur, of Chaldea, he said to him: "I will make of thee a great nation and I will bless thee, and make thy name great."

Abraham was ninety and nine years old, and his wife Sarah ninety years of age when this promise was given, and they were childless. Notwithstanding this fact the Lord promised that Sarah should bear a son, whose name should be Isaac, and that Abraham, through this son, would become the progenitor of many nations.

Isaac became the father of Jacob, the first to be called Israel. Jacob begat twelve sons from whom sprang the people known as the Twelve Tribes of Israel.

Among these sons was Joseph, who was sold by his older brothers to passing Ishmeelites who carried him down to Egypt, where he was sold into bondage. Joseph later became the vicegerent of the king of Egypt, who gave him Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On, to wife. (Gen. 41: 45.)

Asenath became the mother of two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim. It was upon the younger of these sons that Jacob, just prior to his death, sealed the heirship of the house of Israel, which heirship came through his father Joseph. (Gen. 48:49.)

From the time of the calling of Abraham the Lord had impressed upon him, and his posterity after him, that they were to be a chosen and distinct people. He commanded them not to intermingle their blood with that of the people of the idolatrous nations with which they were surrounded. The following, and that at the beginning of this article, are samples of the many passages of scripture which refer to this subject:

"Now, therefore, give not your daughters unto their sons, neither take their daughters unto your sons, nor seek their peace, or their wealth forever." (Ezra 9:12.)

The question is frequently asked: Why, with full knowledge of this command, did Jacob seal the heirship of the house of Israel upon the head of Ephraim, his mother being an Egyptian woman?

The following is the answer to this question:

At the time that Joseph was sold into servitude, and taken to Egypt, Lower Egypt had been conquered by and was under the domination of a white race of Semitic people called the Hyksos, or Shepherd

Kings. These people had come in from the east and north, from the Euphrates and Tigris, and had driven the native princes of Egypt up the Nile, and had taken possession of Lower Egypt, where they established their own civil government and religion.

The ruling Pharaoh at the time that Joseph and his father and family were in Egypt gave Asenath to Joseph to wife.

She was the daughter of Potipherah, a priest or prince of On.

These people were of the same race that Abraham was. He was a Shepherd King. Thus it will be seen that while Asenath is called an Egyptian because she resided in Egypt, she was not of the Egyptian race, and consequently not of the lineage prohibited by the Lord to marry with the Israelitish people.

Pot-i-pher-ah was not only a priest, but a prince of the city of On, which makes As-e-nath a Semite of royal birth.

The Cambridge Teachers' Bible says: "The pyramidal builders of Egypt, who reigned at Memphis 3000 years B. C. were followed by a series of princes who reigned at Thebes, known as the Middle Empire. Then came a time of decay and invasion when the land was conquered by the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, who ruled for about 500 years. It was under these later Hyksos that the Hebrews settled in Goshen. The powerful princes of Upper Egypt struggled against the supremacy of the Hyksos, and the final stroke was dealt by Ahmes, who founded the 18th dynasty, drove out the Hyksos with great slaughter and inaugurated a new empire. The Israelites, hated because of their close relationship to the Shepherd Kings, were forced into servitude by the conquerors. Another King had arisen who knew not Joseph."

Geikie, in his *Hours with the Bible*, says: "The Pharaoh under whom Joseph was advanced is now known to have been one of the foreign race known as Hyksos or Shepherd Kings, who for more than 500 years held sway in Egypt, after they had overthrown the native dynasty."

H. G. Wells, in his *Outlines of History*, says: "At last there happened to Egypt what happened so frequently to the nations of Mesopotamia. Egypt was conquered by nomadic Semites, who founded a short-lived dynasty, the Hyksos, which was finally expelled by the native Egyptians."

The Lord was pronounced in his warning that the Israelitish people should not inter-marry with strange and idolatrous nations. See selection of Rebecca to be the wife of Isaac, and Rachel and Leah to be the wives of Jacob, from whom sprang the House of Israel.

It will thus be seen that Asenath was a Semite woman and also a princess of royal blood.

## An Object Lesson

**A** *FUNDAMENTAL* belief of "Mormonism" is that man must work out his salvation. Sincere worship is a beautiful and inspiring thing, certain to make one better; but prayer or any other form of worship that does not stimulate action is little better than a tinkling cymbal and does not lead far heavenward.

This statement may suggest a more or less serious contemplation of what heaven is. One divine expressed the thought that during the first millennium he would do nothing but kneel at the feet of the Savior and gaze into his glorious face.

It is conceivable that such an inadequate heaven, if it existed at all, could be attained through inactive worship. If kneeling at the feet of Jesus were the divine goal toward which man is urged to strive, then through goodness alone one might possibly reach it.

But the "Mormon" conception of heaven is that its population is made up of the actively righteous and that glorious as will be the privilege of looking into the face of our Redeemer, heaven will consist of something more than that. Surely the idler will have no place there, for idleness is a sin hated alike by righteous man and an allwise Creator. Indeed, according to Thomas Carlyle, one can search the universe without finding an idle devil.

### An Uplifting Combination

In the Church of Christ, therefore, one naturally expects to find activity and worship going hand in hand. The June Conference held recently in Salt Lake City gave a marvelous demonstration of this combination. It was the culmination of an intensively active season of M. I. A. work. A conservative estimate places the participants in the various contests at 40,000, and this of course does not include many thousands who studied the manuals and took part in the discussions.

Of this number eight thousand engaged in basketball contests. "No worship there," some have said. But on one occasion before an important game the players were heard to say, "Bishop, come with us to our dressing room. We want you to pray with us." There were few among the many thousand contestants who did not say, in their hearts if not orally, "Lord, help us win this game if we can do so fairly; if not, help us to lose courageously."

Of the large number of boys who took part in the various contests, it is safe to say that practically all of them look forward to the time when they can go on missions and give themselves entirely to the service of their fellowmen; and these contests were entered, primarily, not for amusement, but with a view of building up vigorous bodies, alert minds, and a strong spirituality.

The girls likewise have high and worthy ideals. Some of them also hope to fill missions abroad, but all look forward to the greatest of missions given to women—wifehood and motherhood; and they, too, know that to reach their goal they must train for it.

### Activity A Safeguard

Young people thus engaged are not likely to acquire undesirable habits. Not only are righteous precepts constantly before them, but the activities as well direct their minds into wholesome channels. Those who are sincerely invoking heaven's blessing upon themselves, that they may prepare and deliver a creditable speech or otherwise acquit themselves with honor, are, for the time being at least, immune to the allurements of the cigarette advertisement or any other form of evil.

### Good Sportsmanship

This contest work not only develops faith and spirituality but it has a tendency to make thoroughly good sports of the participants. There were many striking illustrations of this. A notable one was seen in the Tabernacle on the evening of the finals. The two contestants for the Gleaner Girl public speaking prize were sitting side by side on the stand. They had never met until the day before; consequently, were almost strangers to each other. In a sense they were rivals—at least both were competitors for the same prize; but when No. 1, Miss Adalena Madsen of Fremont stake, was called to make her speech, No. 2, who was Miss Lois Merle Astin of Nibley Park ward in the Granite stake, reached over and patted her hand affectionately and whispered words of encouragement. Later, when No. 1 was announced the winner, Miss Astin congratulated her as warmly and seemed as delighted as if she, herself, had been awarded the prize. She was truly and in the highest sense a winner. Each year it becomes apparent to the contestants themselves as well as to careful observers that the only person who does not win is the one who fails to compete.

### The Value Of Opportunity

As these young people reach maturity and see more of the world their admiration increases for a system which affords them such splendid opportunities for development. Experience teaches them that opportunity plays an extremely important part in the affairs of life, and very often is something which cannot be self-created. How many people living today would ever have heard of Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, had it not been for the Spanish-American war? How many young people outside of the Church established in this dispensation by divine command have an organization which furnishes the incentive and the opportunity to engage in activities which develop their finest physical, intellectual, and spiritual powers?—H. J. C.

## A Forward Step

THE following encouraging statement is taken from the Review of Reviews: Tobacco consumption in 1930 showed a decline from 1929. Per capita consumption was:

	1929	1930
Cigarettes .....	971	937
Cigars .....	60	53
Pounds tobacco .....	3.09	2.94



# The Improvement ERA

Vol. 34-42 No. 10

AUGUST, 1931



INDEPENDENCE ROCK, WYOMING  
*Workmen preparing tablet in honor of Mormon Pioneers,  
June 20, 1931.*

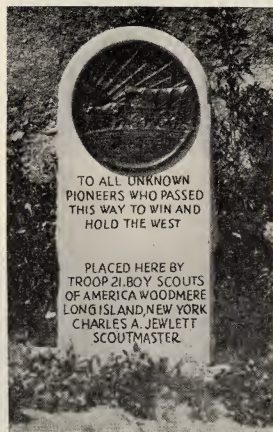
## The Mormon Pioneer Caravan of 1931

AN unpretentious, yet impressive monument on the brow of a hill overlooking a magnificent valley—a group of people around it in almost reverential attitude as their thoughts travel backward over the eighty-four years since a prophet of God on this spot uttered the notable words, "This is the place!" They are a goodly company gathered here in the early June morning, their attire and the long line of waiting autos indicating that a journey is about to begin. Among their number are their leader—a member of the Council of Twelve, two bishops, one of the Church historians, the Church architect, officers of auxiliary organizations, members of general boards, other Church and civic workers, and not least among them, a boy, a lineal descendant of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The spirit of kindness and good cheer is in evidence but there is also a touch of solemnity and even of sadness, for this is to be not merely a pleasure trip, but a pilgrimage on which a sacred errand is to be performed, and this

By

CLARISSA A. BEESLEY  
*of the General Presidency  
of Y. L. M. I. A.*



*Boy Scout Marker at Independence Rock,  
Wyoming.*

is a caravan of descendants of Pioneers who are to seek out the paths their fathers trod and pay devotion at the shrines where many laid down their lives.

THE procession of cars advances up Parley's canyon, past spots held in remembrance of foot-weary emigrant or pony express rider, across the Weber valley, into Echo canyon and so into the great State of Wyoming. The travelers are refreshed by the hospitality of friends at Evanston, some of whom join them along the trail over which the Pioneers drove their teams or walked or pushed their hand carts. Another modest though fitting monument is pointed out, a lone grave on the hillside, mutely telling its story, is visited, and an incident is narrated of a brave Pioneer woman who waited and watched through the long night hours while the feeble candle light and the life of her companion went out together.

At this point and at others of interest along the way pauses are made to peruse the journal of that devoted Pioneer, William Clayton, whose invaluable record makes it



possible to vision the travels of that stalwart band who first broke the trail for the Saints of latter days in their trek to the West. A salute to the flag is given at Church Buttes in commemoration of the passing of this place by President Brigham Young and his companions on July 4th, 1847.

ON goes the caravan to that historic spot of the plains—Fort Bridger—a name familiar in every home where dwell descendants of the Pioneers. Picture a grassy inclosure bordered by graceful trees. Farther away the grim, silent hills rise majestically and above in the dark blue sky the bright stars keep watch. In the center burns a huge bonfire whose flames light up the faces of the large concourse of people who have come from far and near to pay respect to those who passed this way. A chorus of male voices delights the audience and to the accompaniment of the "fiddle" and the accordion, songs of the plains are sung and touching incidents are narrated. The hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Saints" takes on a deeper meaning as the scenes it suggests are brought to mind. Children and grandchildren of Pioneers join hands encircling the fire, while within stand two or three who themselves followed the trail long ago.

Then on and on the caravan winds its way, through the mountains, up to the divide, down toward the east and north to its objective point—Independence Rock—the Register of the Desert. Silent and dark and huge it rises out of the sand, a magnificent pile, placed there, one can easily imagine, by a Divine and loving Father, to mark the spot where his children should pass on their way to Zion. Over its sides are roughly inscribed the names of many who paused

here—a roll of honor which shall never be effaced.

HERE in the stillness of the desert the caravan gathers a



Services at Rock Creek Hollow, Wyoming, June 22, 1931, around grave where fifteen hand cart veterans of the Willie Company are buried

second time about the campfire to recall the thrilling scenes of the past. One tells of two little children—sisters, who, being critically



Marker at Independence Rock, Wyoming, made of stones brought from different states for encampment, July 4, 1930.



The Tom Sun Ranch at Devil's Gate, Wyoming

ill, were wrapped together in a blanket to retain warmth in their bodies. Through divine blessing their lives were spared. The speaker gently comments, "One of these

was my grandmother." Another relates the incident of a cold wedding on the plains when his grandmother, Mary Ann Frost was married to Oscar Winters by President Lorenzo Snow. Still another tells of how his father lost his hat and was compelled to wear a sun-bonnet across the plains, and so on around the circle. One, not a member of the Church, speaks in sincere emotion of the Pioneer women and calls upon all the assembly to stand in silence for a

moment in their honor.

On the day following—the Sabbath—the caravan is joined by the President of the Church and other men of national and local prominence and impressive services are held. A fitting tablet of bronze embedded in the solid rock is dedicated by the President while all the company gathered there bow in reverent and grateful memory to those brave souls who sacrificed in such large measure to found a home "far away in the west" where their children and children's children might dwell.

The inscription on the tablet is as follows:

In honor of the Mormon Pioneers who passed Independence Rock, June 21, 1847, under the leadership of Brigham Young, on their way to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, and of more than 80,000 Mormon emigrants who followed by ox-teams, hand carts, and other means of travel, seeking religious liberty and economic independence.

Erected June 21, 1931, by descendants and followers of the Pioneers who have made the desert bloom as a rose.

Near by are indications that many of that brave band found a last resting place and, not far away, as if to guard the silent Rock and those

who sleep within its shadow, is the inviting Tom Sun Ranch whose occupants shall ever be remembered for their friendly acts and cheering hospitality. To this spot, as a bride, forty-six summers ago, came the mother of the family and here, far from the crowded centers, she has dwelt through the years.

IN the peaceful Sunday afternoon the caravan begins its homeward journey, leaving now the traveled road and following the trail, still visible in part, over which those early Pioneers passed. Heat and dust and difficult passes are encountered, but these only serve to make more vivid the realization of what they suffered.

And now another scene presents itself. The company is gathered about a spot within a sheltered cove where, encircled by the massive mountains, in 1856, that devoted band of Martin's Handcart Company strove to find shelter from the heavy storms of winter. Many of their number had already perished by the way but here after long waiting, help from the Valley came to their relief. The caravan group stands about while a marker is placed, each child of the Pioneers contributing his shovel full of soil. And one is deposited for the "Prophet Joseph" by his great, great, grandson. A solemn prayer is offered and slowly the group moves away, each heart near bursting with emotion.

THE way now leads into a sheltered, peaceful vale where other memories cluster. Here is seen plainly the marks made by the long procession of wagons in early years and the very breezes seem to whisper

of their passing and of the sad farewells which were spoken as many laid away their loved ones in the frozen ground. For Rock Creek Hollow is another cemetery of the Pioneers. In one grave fifteen were buried while indications point to numbers of others. Here stands

## Rock Creek\*

Written for the Captain of the Caravan,  
George Albert Smith

OUR Caravan left the traveled road  
To follow the old, old trail  
It led to a peaceful valley  
An iris and grass-covered vale.

We pitched our tents on the old road bed  
Deep dented by wagon tires  
We sang the songs they used to sing  
In the warmth of our bright campfires.

That when the quiet of the night  
Its benediction spread  
From out the past, our fathers came—  
They were no longer dead.

Over the hill the handcart train  
Pushed slowly its weary way  
On Rock Creek's banks they made their  
camp  
Footsore at the close of day.

Dry was the grass, frozen the stream,  
The cold wind shivered the willows tall.  
With scanty covers they made their beds  
Then sang the song beloved by all.

"And if we die before our journey's  
through  
Happy day, all is well.  
We then are free from toil and sorrow  
too,  
With the just we shall dwell."

For some that happy day had come,  
When sleep in mercy closed their eyes  
Death's angel rode upon the storm,  
And said to them "Arise."

Deep sadness filled the hearts of those  
Who still must journey on  
Leaving a rock-piled mound to tell  
A silent tale of those just gone.

\* \* \* \*

"We pledge allegiance to thee, Lord,  
As by that lonely grave we pause,  
To love and if it need be, die,  
Crusaders in Thy glorious cause."

—R. G. T.

\*A camping place on the Pioneer Trail, where fifteen members of Jas. G. Willie's Handcart Company perished in November, 1856, and were buried in one grave.

a marker which reads "Willie's Company, many of whom perished in the snow in November, 1856." The campfire is built on the very ruts where the wagon wheels once passed and for the third time a solemn service is held in the quiet beauty of the Sabbath evening. Once again the circle is formed and one by one the members speak tenderly of father, mother, grandparent or other relative who made up the band of faithful ones. As the Pioneer hymns are sung again and the prayer is offered, every heart is mellowed and as the group disperses to the several tents, the calm night seems to offer its benediction on those who sleep to waken on the morrow and on those who sleep to waken at the "Resurrection Day." Softly these words are sung as the company stands around the graves the next morning; soulfully, prayers ascend to heaven in praise of those who rest here and in gratitude for the heritage they have left.

When first the glorious light of truth  
Burst forth in these last days,  
How few there were with heart and hand  
To obey it did engage!  
Yet of those few how many  
Have passed from earth away,  
And in their graves are sleeping  
Till the resurrection day.—Wm. Clayton

STILL one more interesting episode awaits the caravan. In an isolated spot among the sagebrush two other burial plots are discovered. Here lie a man and a woman and on the rough stones are scratched the dates "1844" and "1845." A prayer is again offered and the party turns away.

On the homeward trip kind hospitality is again extended by dear Wyoming friends.

The "Mormon Pioneer Caravan" of 1931 will forever be an outstanding experience in the

lives of all who were privileged to participate. Deeper gratitude and reverence for those who blazed the way, more faith in the cause to which they were devoted, greater determination to follow in their footsteps—these are the emotions stirring every heart as the journey comes to a close.



Members of the Mormon Caravan to Independence Rock





# Why This is the Place

By

RUTH M. MARSHALL

PEOPLE who dare break away from the old established beliefs of the masses must expect criticism. That is inevitable. But they should not be forced to endure violence such as the belief of the early "Mormons" brought to them. It is true that these people were dissenters from the accepted religions of the day, but they took nothing but peaceful steps to establish their views. The liberty of every man "to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience" was with them a fundamental principle.

The opposition which the "Mormons" met in Nauvoo may be accounted for, partly, by the fact that they were abolitionists. Brigham Young and his followers were always staunch upholders of the Union. No wonder, then, that those rabid sympathizers of Stephen A. Douglas should want to drive the "Mormons" from their midst.

NOTHING else in the world is so dangerous as hatred springing from religious bitterness. The Prophet Joseph Smith understood this when he declared August 6, 1842:

"That the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven

to the Rocky Mountains. Many would apostatize, others would be put to death by our persecutors, or lose their lives in consequence of exposure and disease. Some of them would live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains."

Knowing that his people must move on to a place of safety, Joseph Smith had already taken steps to send men to investigate locations in Oregon and California when death ended his earthly leadership.

Had the enemies of the "Mormons" realized the power of the new "Mormon" leader, their rejoicing over the death of the Prophet would have been short-lived. Brigham Young was a born colonizer. He was the type of man whose keen mind and sturdy self-reliance could draw people after him into a new, unbroken country.

THE "Mormons" have always been a temple-building people. It is a vital part of their belief. In a sermon recorded by Wilford Woodruff, President Young said:

"Everything at Nauvoo went with a rush. We had to build the Temple with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other and mobs were upon us all the while, and many crying out, 'Oh! the Temple can't be built!' I told them it

should be built. This Church should not fail; and the Lord said if we did not build it we should be rejected as a Church with our dead. Why did he say it? Because the Saints were becoming slothful and covetous, and would spend their means upon fine houses for themselves before they would put it into a House of the Lord; but we went at it and finished it and turned it over into the hands of the Lord in spite of earth and hell, and the brethren were so faithful that we labored day and night to give them their endowments."

But it was impossible for the people to remain in Nauvoo. They were obliged to leave the city with its Temple as they had left Kirtland. Their problem, then, was to find a place where they might build and worship undisturbed.

Oregon seemed unsuited to this purpose because there the "Mormons" would be in the minority, and they had no reason to expect less bitterness than that from which they were fleeing. California was destined soon to be over-run with gold-seekers and in view of subsequent events, one can see that it was not the place.

IN a sermon preached in Salt Lake City in after years, President George A. Smith made this statement:

"We look around today and behold our city clothed with verdure and beauti-



ful with trees and flowers, with streams of water running in almost every direction. The question is frequently asked: 'How did you ever find this place?' I answer, we were led to it by the inspiration of God. After the death of Joseph Smith, when it seemed as if every trouble and calamity had come upon the Saints, Brigham Young, who was president of the Twelve, then the presiding quorum of the Church, sought the Lord to know what they should do and where they should lead the people for safety. And while they were fasting and praying daily on this subject, President Young had a vision of Joseph Smith, who showed him the mountain called Ensign Peak, immediately north of Salt Lake City, and there was an ensign fell upon that peak, and Joseph said: 'Build under the point where the colors fall and you will prosper and have peace.'

What a load must have been lifted from the capable shoulders of Brigham Young when he knew for a certainty the place to which he must lead his people! But he also realized the immensity of the task before him. That task was to move safely, twenty thousand people from Illinois to the heart of what was then known as the Great American Desert and so to establish them that they could live in peace and comfort.

ABOVE all of his other qualities Brigham Young has been credited with being practical. He went about his plans systematically. No possible source of information was overlooked. John C. Fremont had traveled through the Rocky Mountains and had recorded his travels in a journal which Brigham Young studied industriously. In the fall of 1846, while encamped on the Missouri River, the far-seeing leader of the "Mormons" spent many profitable hours talking to Pierre Jean de Smet, the Catholic priest from Belgium, who was so beloved by the Indians of the Northwest.

Father de Smet afterward wrote to his nephew:

"In the fall of 1846, as I drew near to the frontiers of the State of Missouri, I found the advance guard of the 'Mormons,' numbering about ten thousand, camped upon the territory of the Omahas not far from old Council Bluffs. They had just been driven out, for the second time, from a State of the Union. . . . They asked me a thousand questions about the regions I had explored; and the valley which I have just described to you pleased them greatly from the account I gave them of it. Was that what determined them? I would not dare to assert it. They are there. In the last three years Utah has changed its aspect, and from a desert has become a flourishing

territory, which will soon become one of the States of the Union."

## THE history of the "Mormon"

Church might have read differently if the people of the east had possessed the religious tolerance of Father de Smet. He not only sympathized with all pioneers but aided them wherever possible. By gaining the friendship of the Indians he made the Oregon Trail much safer for the emigrants who must travel over it to their new homes.

No leader of this Church has ever entered recklessly into any enterprise which concerned the welfare of the people. This most important move, therefore, was carefully planned by Brigham Young and his associates. Hours were spent in the study of such things as the construction of boats, selection of seeds, pioneer travel, science and irrigation. Important tasks were allotted to the most capable men, and these men had workers appointed under them so that the work could be accomplished quickly. There were some pioneers who lost their lives while crossing the plains but the percentage was very small compared with what the loss surely would have been had the leaders been less efficient.

When every detail had been thoroughly planned, the great march began. It is a dramatic, soul-stirring story of a people whose love of God drove them on courageously, to find the place they believed a divine providence had prepared for them.

President Anthony W. Ivins speaking of this event in a recent sermon said:

"The coming of the Utah pioneers was not a thing of chance. They were not a body of aimless wanderers going they knew not whither, but a company of intelligent, educated, thoroughly organized men, the peers of any of their time, going to a destination which had been carefully decided upon, for the accomplishment of a definite purpose."

ON July 12, 1847, Brigham Young, who was ill, appointed Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow with a party of forty-five men to go ahead, giving them the following counsel:

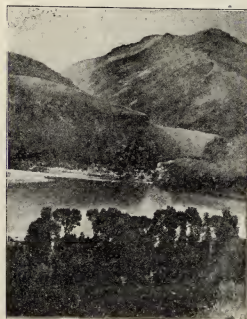
"Select fifteen or twenty young men to go ahead of the company and cut a roadway through the brush so that they can get their wagons down into the valley."

Unlike many great leaders, Brigham Young encouraged initiative in other men who were associated with him. He possessed the natural gift of drawing out the best that was in them. Intuitively he had the gift of selecting the right man for the right place. This power was displayed in his choice of the leaders of this scouting expedition into the land which was to be the final resting place of the Saints. Orson Pratt was a great scientist and like most great scientists was something of a dreamer. Erastus Snow was exactly the opposite type of man. He realized the value of science but he was able to apply it in a practical way to the problems that confronted him. Next to Brigham Young himself, Erastus Snow was probably the greatest pioneer and colonizer of the band of "Mormons."

The main party of the pioneers, led by Brigham Young, finally tore their way through the rocks, ravines and canyon debris to the mouth of what we now call Emigration Canyon. This was July 24, 1847.

IT is impossible to imagine the feelings of that small company as they looked upon the valley that was to be their future home. They had been a hunted, driven people for so long that the sight of a land in which they could find peace and rest from wandering must have seemed glorious to them—inhabitable as it looked. There was no wild rejoicing but a feeling of perfect contentment settled over the company.

Brigham Young wrote in his journal:



"The spirit of light rested upon me and hovered over the valley, and I felt that there the Saints would find protection and safety."

Wilford Woodruff, in his history, tells of this event:

"As the valley presented itself to view before the gaze of this sturdy band of pioneers, President Brigham Young expressed his full satisfaction with the place. The Lord had shown him the view before in a vision, and now, as he lay upon his bed, (still physically indisposed) in Elder Woodruff's carriage, the Lord also showed him many things concerning the future of the valley; and with one united testimony, the pioneer company felt that they had reached their destination. They could now rest the soles of their feet in peace and be free from the fury of angry mobs."

And yet the Valley of the Great Salt Lake must have presented a desolate appearance to the people who had lived upon the fertile farms of Illinois and Missouri. It was infested with crickets and lizards. There was no sign of any habitation, for the valley was known only to a few trappers and traders and the Indians who roamed its sage-brush covered length. There was scarcely a tree, and the mountain streams which rushed down from the canyons were soon lost over the baked soil of the plain. The one thing that gave comfort and a feeling of security to the worn Saints was the surrounding bulwark of purple, snow-capped mountains. They gave promise of rich fields where the streams from their peaks had been guided into useful paths.

Yet there was no feeling of dissatisfaction among the people as they saw their future home. It looked beautiful to them because they knew that here they would be able to build permanently, and because the leader they followed and trusted had said: "This is the place."

THE first task of the Saints, after attending to their immediate needs, was to fulfil the prophecy made several years before by Brigham Young.

Wilford Woodruff, the camp historian, says:

"On Monday, the twenty-sixth, President Young and several brethren ascended to the summit of a mountain on the north, which they named Ensign Peak, a name it has borne ever since. Elder Woodruff was the first to gain the summit of the peak. Here they unfurled the American flag, the Ensign of Liberty to

the world. It will be remembered that the country then occupied by the Saints was Mexican soil, and was being taken possession of by the Mormon Battalion and pioneers as a future great commonwealth to the credit and honor of the United States."

IMMEDIATE steps were taken, upon the arrival of the Saints, to bring about peaceful relations with the Indians. Brigham Young's policy had always been to "feed the Indians—not to fight them." The Indians naturally looked upon the pioneers with suspicion and awe, but this feeling, in most cases, was turned to friendship when the red men became aware of the stand taken by the new settlers, so different from that of most trapping parties.

The hopes of the pioneers hung upon the success of irrigation. Of course the "Mormons" do not claim to have been the first to use this method of watering their crops, for it had been practiced on the banks of the Euphrates and Nile rivers since the very beginning of history, but they were the first to use it in this land. It has been one of the most powerful factors in the development of this country. Think of the millions of acres of land that, except for irrigation, would be waste plains today!

BRIGHAM YOUNG, with his prophetic gaze, could see this

desert converted into fruitful fields through this simple, natural engineering principle. The key which unlocked the agricultural doors of the arid west was given to modern people by this great "Mormon" leader when, on July 21, 1847, before he even entered the valley, he directed Erastus Snow to dam up the creek and flood the land that it might be prepared for the planting of crops. By this simple bit of instruction he not only contributed to the safety of his followers, but he also made a great contribution to the world.

A few years later, Brigham Young said:

"Seven years ago today, about eleven o'clock, I crossed the Mississippi River, with my brethren, for this place, not knowing at that time whether we were going, but firmly believing that the Lord had in reserve for us a good place in the mountains, and that he would lead us directly to it. It is but seven years since we left Nauvoo and we are now ready to build another Temple. I look back upon our labors with pleasure.

"They assassinated Joseph Smith, and they drove us into the mountains where, as they said, the land is sterile and good for nothing and where Indians would kill us, as they believed with all their hearts. They said and believed this, and prophesied day and night that the 'Mormons' were going and would be starved to death or killed by Indians."

Later he said:

"Until the Latter-day Saints came here, not a person among all the mountaineers and those who had traveled here, so far as we could learn, believed that an ear of corn would ripen in these valleys. We know that we have an excellent region wherein to raise cattle, horses and every other kind of domestic animal we need. We also knew this when we came here thirteen years ago this summer. Bridger said to me, 'Mr. Young, I would give you a thousand dollars if I knew that an ear of corn could be ripened in these mountains. I have been here for twenty years and have tried in vain, over and over again.'"

WE, in Utah, should realize the strength, the beauty and the tragedy of the lives of those pioneers who, eighty-four years ago this summer, entered this valley.

That President Young was inspired is attested by the beautiful and sacred temples built by the Latter-day Saints from Canada to Arizona; and from the pinnacle of the greatest of all modern temples Moroni trumpets the truth to the world that "This is the Place."





# HOMES—Then and Now

*Address delivered by Hon. Arthur M. Hyde,  
Secretary of Agriculture of the United  
States, at the National Council of Boy Scouts  
of America, Memphis, Tenn., May 5, 1931.*

ONCE upon a time,—as the storybooks of a bygone era put it,—there was a home.

Architecturally,—it was nothing to boast about. Small in size, rudimentary in construction, angular in form, drab in color, bare of conveniences, modern progress has condemned it as unsightly and insanitary.

Furnished with an eye to durability and utility only, heated by stoves or fireplaces in spots, ventilated by icy blasts through cracks or crevices, lighted by candles or kerosene lamps, watered by a tin pail and a dipper, hospitable alike to flies and wayfarers,—it was tolerated by a scientific and hygienic age only until it could be superseded by something better.

But,—

Isolated in loneliness, it shut within its walls a family. The very immensity of the surrounding spaces threw a sheltering arm around it.

It was compelled to rely upon its own resources. It developed entity and solidarity. It was a self contained unit.

FROM sun to sun, the family worked together, played together, planned together, met and surmounted common problems together. At every minute of the day, each member of the family knew what the others were doing. At night they gathered about the kitchen table to read, play games, pop corn or plan for tomorrow. That home was both center and circumference of the universe for the family. Every interest centered there. Every memory was woven about it. Every aspiration sprang from it or was based upon it.

The schools to which it had access were inferior. But what school is better than experience, and what teacher more inspiring than father and mother?

He would indeed be a debased father who would not be his best before his son. She would be a



faithless mother who would not exemplify the womanly virtues before her daughter.

The family had scant opportunity for pleasantly spending its idle time, but it had something better,—little idle time to spend.

It had no savings banks, but it had no need for them. What savings bank can equal the family cellar with its rows and rows of canned fruits and jellies, its bins of apples and potatoes, its stock of good things laid by? Of the good old smoke house with its hams and side meats hanging from pegs on the rafters? And what training in thrift or in economics can excel the hard necessity of saving the little things to create a store sufficient for a year in advance?

THAT family was primitive. It put first things first. It dealt with nature in her varied moods. It relied upon the creative power of nature's God, and it placed its faith in the God of Nature. The old time-honored and strain-tested moralities were close to its heart for they were inherent in the family ties which gripped, controlled and sheltered it.

Love of country was part of its life for the family owned part of the country and had a stake in its management.

Obedience to law was the natural order of existence for the peace and security of the family depended upon the wisdom of the mandates of its head, and upon the acceptance of this wisdom by the family.

The family needed to repeat no oath to be loyal to their God, their country and its laws.

TURN to page 1931. How fares the modern home? Great hotels and apartment buildings, which are models of beauty in design, the acme of perfection in convenience and lighting, luxurious in furnishing and appointment, are subdivided into tiny cells or clusters of cells which myriads of peo-



ple call home. There are no fires to build or keep, no water to fetch, no lamps to fill, no chores to do. They are places to come back to, but not places to live in. They do not grip or hold the affection of the family.

Father spends his working hours at the desk, lathe or counter. Mother must shop or attend meetings and run the home between times. Sonny and sister must go to school, and keep up with its varied activities. They make home a part of call in time for the evening meal.

At night, the movies, the theatre, the automobile and other amusements are beckoning fingers, enticing the family away from home.

**I** DO not by any means wish to imply that the homes of a century ago were perfect in idealism or in practice, nor that modern homes are lacking in the virtues and the moralities. Any such sweeping statement would be as untrue in one case as in the other. I am attempting merely to describe a tendency which is incident to our industrialization, to the division of labor, to the concentration of our people in cities, and to the other forces, recreational and otherwise, which so far as the solidarity of the American Home is concerned, are centrifugal forces, throwing the common experiences, the associations and training of the family, away from the home.

There is many a man forced by mechanical and specialized industry to work in office or shop where his boy cannot go, who wonders with a lump in his throat, what kind of character his boy is forming under his environment,—and who voices a prayer that God will look after him while dad can't,—and many a woman who realizes that her house is empty of a vital something which filled her father's home.

**P**OSSIBLY the increase in living standards and the spread of the good things of life over constantly widening groups of our people are worth the price we pay in other directions for our industrialization. Like it or not, we are in the grip of economic and industrial forces which are carrying us resistlessly along to some undefined objective which can only dimly be glimpsed.

Coincident with this trend, and emphasized by an acute economic

depression, there comes the challenge to all our institutions, all our accepted moralities, even to our Government itself.

Free love and easy divorces are not the product of the old time home, nor of the old time family.

Internationalism and the idea that it is ignorant to be patriotic did not originate in the family life of the home owner.

Socialism and communism are not rooted in the soil of family effort, family initiative and family reward.

Atheism is not the natural product of the open spaces where man contacts with nature.

These isms are the products of the urbanization of humanity, of the philosophy of industrialism; of the idea of economic determinism.

In them lies a menace to society, and in them lies the opportunity—nav the indispensable need—for the Boy Scouts of America. Both boys and men living in such conditions need to keep on repeating and recounting their duty to God, their Country and the law.

**SCOUTING** supplements the work of the home and the school. It puts first things first. It gives the boy mind, at its most impressionable age, the fundamental facts of life, and keeps it busy, boy fashion, in boy programs under boy auspices, it fills idle time with healthful, constructive activities, and relates them all to the eternal verities.

Patriotism is not an outgrown shibboleth. Patriotism is the name of a group of sentiments which have ennobled the lives of millions of men in the past, pointed their efforts and their aspirations toward a fairer civilization. Patriotism today forms a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night guiding the wanderings and gropings of mortals upward.

The result of law is not repression but liberty. There is no liberty except in the order and security of law. There must be government. That government will come from within through voluntary obedience to law, or from without through the autocracy of a dictator or the greater tyranny of minorities. It needs to be blazoned abroad that law violators are not reincarnated forefathers.

God is not a myth, but a Creator, who somehow knows and

cares what we poor humans do, with our small segment of time out of an eternity of time.

On the seas of life, mankind needs not only anchorage, but anchors. Without home, without country, without God, man is a derelict little better than other flotsam of the waves. Safely moored, in his own home, in the peace and security which comes from the rule of law, anchored in love of country and reverence of God, he is free indeed.

### Scouting Teaches Freedom

**I** HOPE I am no reactionary either in politics, economics or religion. There is a necessity of widening and remodeling our social structure to meet the demands of a growing social organism. Such changes can be made in the house in which we now live without uprooting its foundations. They should be made as rapidly as their desirability becomes apparent, provided only that such changes be demonstrated to be sound, and genuinely conducive to the happiness of the greatest number.

Nevertheless, there are some things that do not change. Depressions may come and go, prosperity may wax and wane, social schemes and economic motives may ebb and flow, there are some verities that always have been, are now, and ever shall be true. In all the change, and ferment and challenge, are some truths which came into primordial chaos with the shooting stars from which the universe was made and which will return to the seat of all Truth more abundantly proved by the experiences of every human soul which wings its flight from the turmoil here to the peace yonder.

One of them is love of country.

Another is existence of God.

Another is the hard-to-learn fact that there is no liberty except under the ordered rule of law.

Gentlemen of the Boy Scouts of America, to you is due the gratitude of the nation.

Through your patient service and wise direction you are building into the future that kind of character which is founded upon eternal truth.

You are building a national fortress upon everlasting rock, against which the waves of chance, of passion and of prejudice may dash,—but dash in vain.

# Facing Life

By DR. ADAM S. BENNION

## What is a Good Job



**W**HAT'S your idea of a good job?" If you want to get some stimulating answers to an altogether ordinary question, ask that one of the next score of men you encounter. For the past month I have been addressing it to men in all stations of life: farmers, dairymen, street car conductors, railroad engineers, lawyers, concession stand attendants, doctors, accountants, taxi-drivers, teachers, wharf hands, auctioneers, bankers, sailors, sheepmen, gas station attendants, carpenters, missionaries, painters, policemen, miners, barbers, and a great group of day laborers at incidental jobs.

What a furrow in the field of desire such an inquiry turns up. Harrowing there for many an article. Follow the plow through just a few rounds:

"Short hours—good pay—not much work."

"A job on which you didn't always have a boss checking you up."

"Something with a regular, dependable income."

"A job so you could have a home and be there right along."

"One where you didn't have to do so everlastingly much study to keep up."

"A job so that some day you could grow into something."

"A pull so you wouldn't get jumped on if you happened to be late once in a while. You hate to be a clock puncher."

"A place where you could work with people."

"A job with a lot of work to do with a boss who appreciated a good piece of work when you do it for him."

"Such a job that when you've finished the day's work you feel as if you've really helped somebody."

"A job that looks a little different once in a while. It's deadening to go on just repeating what you did yesterday all the time."

**I**F we might continue on across the field we should likely hit upon your idea. Whether we should or not, of course, is of minor importance. The really significant thing is that young men and women should raise the question for themselves early enough to set about finding *their own in-*

*telligent answer.* Of one thing they may be sure—they will soon all have a job and they may have it a long time. I fancy I can hear some of the unemployed say: "That's fine—just give us the job—we don't care what it is." But we hope we shall not always have the depression with us—that the answers of discouragement may not long be so frequently the response.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that everyone interviewed in this inquiry, as well as everyone listed in the bibliography attached to a former chapter, is agreed that one of the most helpful things a young person can do is to ponder our query:

"What for me is a good job?"

Perhaps the most helpful thing we can do is to set up a measuring stick to apply to possible openings as they present themselves. It is perfectly clear at the outset that there are, relatively few, "ideal jobs." Most good jobs are made so by the intelligent devotion of the one holding it. Then, too, in a work-a-day world there inevitably must be some more or less undesirable jobs to do. Circumstances still makes it necessary for some men to go through the "muck and mire." Nor need we stress the fact that all worthy work is honorable.

But if a young man enjoys the privilege, as thousands do, of selecting and preparing for his life's work, by what criteria should he evaluate a good job? The values will not be absolute—it is another case of "more-or-lessness."

What are the notches of our measuring stick?

**I.—Is it a job, the work of which appeals to my interest and for which I am adapted?**

**A**FTER all, the job is to be *mine*. It may be ever so good a job, but if it isn't good for *me* it will be a life-long misfortune if I

elect it. Have I a real "hankering" after it? Would I be proud to be known as doing it? Could I give my life to it happily? Have I confidence in my ability to do the work eminently well? Aside from pay, hours of work, conditions of work, is it the kind of job I have been "looking for?" Am I happy in thoughts of the work both on and off the job? Can I believe with Joseph French Johnson that there is a job for me?

"There is in every man the power to do something worth while. In each man's breast, so to speak, there is a hidden diamond. It is his business to find it, for nobody else can. That diamond is his best self, the self that he is capable of being. If he finally becomes the best self he will successfully do the work he aspires to do and receive a satisfactory reward."

**II.—Is it a job such that the pursuit of it will not impair unnecessarily my health or vitality?**

**L**IFE is man's greatest heritage.

It deserves to be safeguarded. With health gone, all life suffers a tremendous handicap. Will the job in question lead me into hazards which may cost me the use of my limbs or leave me crippled out across the years? Will it involve exposure such that rheumatic pain may haunt all of my late years? Will it affect my vital organs so as to render me only a half-man in efficiency? Does it involve hazard to the eye—the light of the soul? Of course, uncertainty attaches to almost all occupations. As someone has said: "Most peo-



ple die in bed." But given the right to choose, I owe it to my future to pass by openings known to be attended by a goodly degree of disabling hazard.

### III.—Is it a job in which, or through which, I can develop fully my capabilities?

AS I face my life's vocational decision, I must bear in mind that I am unique in the world. I am entitled to one copyright—the one on my personality. I owe it to myself to find a niche in which I can fully reveal that self. So many men go through the humdrum of routine of their daily tasks to rush out to the "side-lines" in which they are really themselves. The trouble lies in the fact that usually they earn their livelihood at the hum-drum. More training—more application—more purposeful planning ought to lead into an opening in which this "side-line" gift can become my regular stock in trade. The ingenuity to discover my own self-revealing pursuit may be the real challenge of my life. Dare I follow it through? Have I the courage to reach out for the place which circumstance may not hand me ready labeled? The world is fuller of opportunities for those of creative imagination than ever before.

### IV.—Is it a job at which I shall establish worthy associations?

SO much of my time will necessarily be spent, "in the job" that I owe it to myself to select worthy companions. My life will so very largely reflect their influence. The old adage holds true "A man is judged by the company he keeps." It just has to be true. All day long I exchange ideas with the men about me. Their thinking regularly crosses mine. We all have to think with "what's in the mind." The interplay of ideas and ideals in the end must register upon my consciousness. If I am susceptible to their influence I yield in part at least to their standards. If I am not I shall likely rule myself out of their fellowship to such a degree that I can scarcely hope to become their leader. Am I selecting a job definitely because I welcome the impress of known companions upon my life? If not, I ought at

least to weigh carefully the consequences of my selection.

### V.—Is it a job with some satisfaction attached to it because of service rendered?

REAL teachers are genuinely happy. They are conscious of dealing regularly with soul-stuff. Boys unfold into fine manhood before their very eyes. It is good to stand by and see the result of your labors in improved manhood.

Ministers who really win the hearts and confidences of their congregations reap a wonderful satisfaction. To have "pointed the way"—to have relieved the burden of sorrow—to have opened a hope—to have established a conviction—all of these things carry a compensation never deposited with the bank.

The grocer can build a fine friendship over the counter. An unflinching courtesy—a dependable service—a solid guarantee of goods—all of these things allow him to become a sort of vicarious member of every family in his community.

In the long run I shall likely find greatest happiness if I choose work in which a prominent place can be given to the "human equation."

### VI.—Is it a job the compensation for which will allow me to do for my family what I honestly hope to do for them?

ODD, perhaps, that I should leave the matter of compensation so long in this consideration. It certainly lies at the very heart of work. There is something sacred about it. It not only is the pay for the best I have in me—it is the medium through which I can bring many of the satisfactions of life to my loved ones. But there are several fascinating aspects of wages that need to be pondered. In the last analysis we are all paid only in part for what we do. Much of our compensation must always be tendered in satisfaction. Then, too, wages and what we can do with them are always so relative. We can always easily find ways to spend all we make. Many a man who once made \$100 a month felt certain that if he could only make \$150 he would have no further

worries. He so often discovers, however, that by the time his wages have reached \$150 his wants have reached \$200. And the wants seem imperative. The single man—the young man—ought to think his life through—at least in part. Is he signing himself up—receiving his early training in a "blind alley" sort of job which secures him \$80 a month—ample for his present needs but wholly inadequate when he shall have married and launched the building of a home and the rearing of a family? Only money can pay the grocery bill and the rent. It is the only medium of settlement at the hospital. I should be able to see that I can put a foot into the partly opened financial door so that under greater need I can give the door a little further push. If it is already wide open I should prepare to approach another door or make up my mind to relative penury.

### VII.—Is it a job which offers a perpetual challenge to my possibilities?

FOR the past two weeks I have been holidaying at a seaside resort. The daily dip in the ocean has been invigorating—the sea carries an inspiration all its own. Among the impressions most significant in these seaside ponderings is the observation that the crowds keep close to the shore. Only the venturesome risk the larger waves. There is plenty of room in the deeper water. More hazard, of course, but more of a sense of achievement too. In the sea of life, do I hold to the shore of the commonplace? Or, do I dare swim out toward the larger waves of the future? At the close of today can I really say that I have ventured? Have I pushed on out and risen with a real wave? Or, have I merely splashed around knee deep in what satisfies everybody else? Is there a sense of finality in today's performance, or am I laying today foundations for tomorrow's building? Does my job thrill me with the urge to a greater mastery? Have I a challenge to beat my own record? Only yesterday I sat with a young man who revealed his plans for the next ten years. Not wishes or hopes—real concrete performances set up to be done. He is today reading the

[Continued on page 630]



# Abraham's Three Visitors

By SIDNEY B. SPERRY

Director L. D. S. Institute  
Moscow, Idaho

FOR many years certain elders of the Church have persisted in using the eighteenth chapter of Genesis as a proof that our Father in Heaven is a being of flesh and bones with attributes very similar to those of ordinary men. These good brethren call attention to verses 1-8 where it specifically seems to imply that the Lord as a member of a party of three eats flesh and curds and drinks milk in the same fashion as would a native of Palestine. What could be better proof, they reason, that the God of Heaven has a material body similar to our own if he comes to earth and eats as an ordinary man does? This reasoning, with particular respect to the passage cited above, has found its way, unfortunately, into our Church literature and we still hear sermons where it is pressed into use. In spite of the warnings of certain of the Church authorities, notably Elder James E. Talmage, many of our brethren seem to think the scripture in question is very suitable to illustrate doctrinal discussions involving the personality, materiality, and bodily form of God. The writer of this article cannot too strongly condemn the use of the scripture in question for this purpose. For reasons given below our brethren ought to refrain from such use.

THE immediate difficulties in our problem start with Gen. 17 and concern the titles given to Deity. In verse one of this chapter the Hebrew text says: "The Lord (*Jehovah*) appeared unto Abram, and said to him: I am *God Almighty*" (*El-Shaddai*). In verse three we have the following: "And Abram fell upon his face, and God (*Elohim*) spoke with him," etc. Throughout the rest of the chapter the term *God* (*Elo-*

him) is used. Now who really appeared to Abraham? Was it the pre-existent Christ, *Jehovah*, or was it the great *Elohim*, the presiding authority in the heavens? How many of our brethren are in a position to answer this question? We venture the assumption that but few, if any, with the available facts at hand can answer the question satisfactorily. The difficulty in this chapter ought to give us warning of difficulty in the chapter under special consideration, namely, Gen. 18. Yet many assume that the story in chapter 18 is but a continuation of that in chapter 17. Hence they hastily go on to say that it was *God* (presumably they mean *Elohim*) who ate in Abraham's presence. But what are the facts? The Hebrew text of Gen. 18:1 says: "The Lord (*Jehovah*) appeared unto him by the terebinth of Mamre, while he was sitting at the doorway of his tent in the heat of the day!" Throughout the rest of the chapter the same term, *Lord*, is used. Surely this chapter is not a continuation of chapter 17.

It is the belief of the writer that most of the faithful elders of the Church regard *Jehovah* as being the pre-existent Christ. Certainly, then, he did not as a spirit partake of the food of ordinary man! But if it still be insisted that Deity did partake of food the burden of proof lies upon the one making such assertion. The text does not say *Elohim*, whom Latter-day Saints regard as the God we worship, the Father of our Lord. Let us scan the text a little more closely. In verse 2 we have: "Raising his eyes, he saw three men standing near him: and when he saw them he ran to meet them from the door of the tent, and bowed himself to the earth." To the writer the transition from the first verse to that of the second seems peculiar

to say the least. The impression given is that the first verse is out of place—or that it is a preliminary statement put by some ancient scribe as the heading to a chapter. The latter occurs very often in the Syriac version of the scriptures. But the question may be rightfully asked: If the Lord did not partake of food as the scripture seems to imply, who were the three men spoken of in the chapter as having been entertained by Abraham? In the opinion of the writer the three men spoken of were *mortal men* and not the Lord and two angels. Our reasons for this may now be given.

THE King James version, verse 3 reads: "And said, My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant." The term, *My Lord*, is given with capital letters and many assume that Abraham was addressing Deity. What is to prevent us writing this as, my lord, and assume Abraham was addressing ordinary men? The Hebrew of verse 2 favors such an interpretation. Abraham saw three "*men*" (*Heb. enashim*) standing by him. The Hebrew word refers to common, virile men. The Greek, Syriac and Latin versions have practically the same equivalents. It is interesting to note that in the Samaritan version instead of the term "*my lord*" we find the plural "*my lords*" as is proved by the use of plural suffixes on words that follow in the sentence. Surely no one would assume that all three men were of the Godhead.

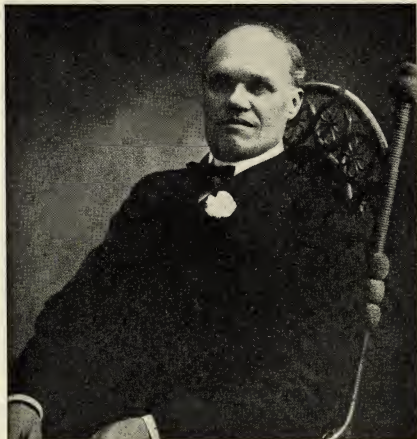
In the Inspired Revision of the Bible the Prophet Joseph Smith gives the rendering "*my brethren*" and the rest of the verse agrees with the Samaritan version with the exception of the suffix of the

[Continued on page 585]

# Evan Stephens

By  
JOSEPH E. RICHARDS

*This tribute to a beloved character was awarded the prize of \$25.00 offered jointly by the General Boards of the M. I. A. and Miss Sarah Daniels. Editors.*



EVAN STEPHENS

I WRITE not of bards who from the crags of Snowdon sang to the sons of Wales a fiery call for freedom but of a descendant of those brave singers who in the heart of the Wasatch poured forth his songs of joy and peace, of triumph and thanksgiving, of faith in the God of Israel and of redemption for all mankind. There was something elemental in the greatness of Evan Stephens. Creative forces seethed within him. His soul delighted in the roar of torrents and in the stillness of mountain fastnesses where deep called unto deep. In the eternal forces of nature he found God, and with an art sincere and noble he proclaimed His mighty power.

The energy of Evan Stephens was boundless. Other leaders in music might specialize in the training of selected students; he with a prodigality unparalleled gave himself to the masses and uplifted whole communities. Others might content themselves with giving polish and finish to the few; he developed a groundwork in the many. "Freely ye have received, freely give," expressed his democracy.

EVEN after world triumphs at the great Exposition in Chicago and in the midst of demands

upon his genius in composition and in leadership of the great Choir, he was tireless in reaching out for the young. He invited groups of young boys from our Mutuals to join his class at the hall on Richards Street in Salt Lake City. It was a thrilling experience. The spirit of our leader carried to our souls the proclamation:

"Rouse! O ye mortals! The dawn is near!  
Turn to the heavens your glances!  
Over the darkened earth again  
The light of truth advances!"

THE message of the restored Gospel, the spirit of the great latter-day work, was made to vibrate within us. Here was a master-singer who could set the world singing. His joy in directing vast throngs found a response in his singers. As the meeting of waters he loved to mingle great currents of tone in sublime harmony. With what assurance he gave the cue for the parts to enter! Under the authority of his baton courage was inspired to undertake the music of the masters: "The Heavens are Telling the Glory of God," "Worthy Is The Lamb That Was Slain," such were the themes in which his soul delighted.

Evan Stephens loved Utah. To him it was the land of Zion. There was rapture in the mountains that

kissed the sky; there was freedom in the leaping torrent; there was solemnity in the desert waste. But in more than a physical sense this was Zion. Here God had given his people a home. His own home was a place of peace, of security from storms. His fireside was the abode of warmth, not only for the weary body but also for the spirit. His garden was a retreat from the busy thoroughfare of life, where fountains laved the water-lily, the fragrance of roses filled the air and drooping limbs offered delicious fruit. Here children's voices rang merrily at play and friends loved to linger. Here true sentiment burst forth into song:

"O happy home among the hills,  
Where flow a thousand crystal rills.  
Surrounded by grand mountains high  
Whose snow-capped summits reach the sky;  
Each nook contains a city fair,  
Filled with warm hearts that breathe the prayer:  
God bless and guard our mountain home,  
God bless our mountain home!"

There is exultation in his anthem, "Let The Mountains Shout For Joy!"

EVAN STEPHENS loved his people. He loved the Saints. He loved the prophets of God. He associated with the great men of



the earth; he was equally at home with the lowly. Never did he scorn the "base degrees by which he did ascend." As a student in Boston the picture of his mother adorned his study. Throughout his career he drew strength from early associations and from his contact with those who lived close to the earth. He loved to surround himself with clean young people and spend a week in the seclusion of the mountains. He took into his home as companions boys who developed in all that is manly under this close friendship.

The dominant quality in Evan Stephens' art as in the man himself is sincerity. He was genuine in all that he did. Truth was his foundation and was manifest in his entire structure. Rugged honesty shone from his countenance; the simplicity of greatness was stamped upon him. To know the depths of his soul is to know the truths of the Gospel of Christ. He accepted those truths with all his heart. They were his meat and drink; they were his chief delight; they brought him joy in this life and hope of eternal glory. It was fitting that just before he died he was privileged to lead the choir in singing for the assembled conference of the Church his "Song of the Redeemed."

"Asunder now bursting are the chains/of sin . . .

And soon the earth shall be redeemed  
and all be won."

THE strife and tumult that sweep the earth and bring dismay to the souls of men are a part of that dark night of error that precedes the dawn. Already the east begins to kindle. The Master of Life will come in his glory. This was Evan Stephens' faith. He sang a welcome to the day of the Lord, and he will yet sing with the hosts of the sanctified that new song when "the Lord hath brought again Zion."

Sweet bard of Israel, sing on! Sing on!  
Forevermore will songs of thine rejoice  
Hearts bowed with grief or glad with  
wholesome mirth;

Like beams of living light those truths  
sublime

Will bring release to captive error's train  
And faith in God implant in souls that  
soon

Will see the glory of the Chosen One  
Flood land and sea with happiness supreme.

## Abraham's Three Visitors

[Continued from page 583]

last word which has the singular "thy servant" (so the Hebrew) instead of "your servant." Furthermore the Prophet's rendering "my brethren" is a real possibility as any Hebrew scholar can see. The Hebrew for "my lords" looks very much like the Hebrew for "my brethren." It would take but a slight error on the part of a scribe to write down "my lords," as the Samaritan has it, instead of what may have been the original "my brethren." The Prophet's version in this respect is quite remarkable.

Furthermore the Prophet has an "angel" question Abraham as to Sarah's behavior instead of the Lord as in the common version. (See verses 13 and 14) In verse 22 the Prophet tells us that the "angels" were holy men. The Hebrew word for angels can throughout be just as well translated as "messengers." May we not, therefore, assume with a great degree of probability that Abraham's visitors were holy men holding the Priesthood who were sent under the Lord's direction to speak with him and to bring about the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah? If we assume that they were mortal men most of our difficulties vanish. In the light of what has been said we deem it unnecessary to quote statements from learned men showing the difficulties inherent in Gen. 17, 18 and 19. Learned men realize the difficulties of these chapters and for that

reason, if no other, elders of the Church ought to be careful in their use of them.

[Editorial note: Dr. James E. Talmage was kind enough to give the foregoing article from Elder Sperry to the Era. He appends the following:]

ELDER SIDNEY B. SPERRY, author of the article *Abraham's Three Visitors*, has specialized in the ancient Biblical languages. At my suggestion he made a comparative study in the early texts of the chapters under consideration, and his results are to be commended.

It should be remembered that throughout the King James Version of the Old Testament, the word LORD, printed in capitals, is the equivalent of the Hebrew *Yahveh*, or, as in English, *Jehovah*. The scriptures show conclusively that Jehovah is Jesus Christ. (See *Jesus The Christ*, chapter 4.)

In Genesis 18:1, the title LORD, so printed, means *Jehovah*; but in verse 3, in the salutation *My Lord*, the word *Lord* is not capitalized, except, of course, as to the initial. That expression is not the equivalent of LORD or *Jehovah*, but is an ordinary title of courtesy and honor, such as could have been applied to any worthy man, especially to one in authority.

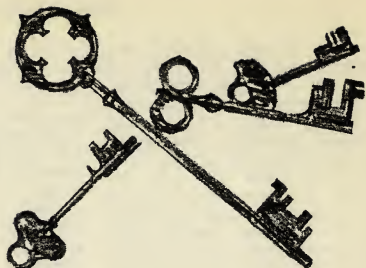
In the 18th chapter of Genesis we have the record of Abraham's communion with the LORD, and also that of the patriarch's human visitors; but these accounts are not given as distinctly separate narratives. Verse 16 tells of the departure of the men, accompanied by Abraham. The distinction between these men and the LORD appears in verse 22: "And the men turned their faces from thence, and went toward Sodom; but Abraham stood yet before the LORD."

Who then were Abraham's three visitors at his encampment? They are not designated by name, but it is apparent that they were messengers sent by the LORD. I venture to express an opinion—an inference only for which I am personally and alone responsible—that the probabilities point to the great High Priest, Melchizedek, and two associates who may have stood to him in the capacity of counselors.—James E. Talmage.



# KEYS to Lost Locks

By  
EDGAR A. GOODSPEED



AT lectures before the Royal Society in London, it is said, the president, after introducing the speaker, waits at the door leading to the stage, until the lecture has begun.

This curious and at first somewhat disturbing custom is due to the fact that once, long ago, a timid lecturer, after being duly introduced, was overcome with stage fright, and rushed from the scene, leaving audience and president unedified. Hence the subsequent precaution, enduring even to our days, when lecturers, whatever their weaknesses, can hardly be described as timid.

Upon the death of a near relative I recently became possessed, among other things much more significant, of a key. I had no doubt I knew just what lock it fitted, but when I tried it, it did not work; it was not the key to that lock. I still have the key, but after many efforts I can find no lock to fit it. It is a key without a lock.

Much has, of course, been said of locks without keys; but little, as far as I know, of keys without locks. And yet what a suggestive theme it is. I sometimes see before country churches a horse-block, beautifully surrounded with green turf; a key without a lock! Or before suburban houses a hitching post, once so necessary, but now—a key without a lock! Bridges in remote places still display the old warning, "Five dollars fine for driving over this bridge faster than a walk."

I read last summer in a magazine an advertisement of a fishing boat for thirty-eight dollars. I wrote

at once for particulars. I was informed that they no longer made that boat, and I rather wondered why they still advertised it. Probably it was an old order, unexpired. But anyway—a key without a lock. There was once such a boat, of course. In Washington the guide books call attention to the fascinations of the Dead Letter Office Museum, with its quaint exhibit of lost letters, so strangely missent. But it does not exist. Go where it is said to be, and they will tell you wearily how many times a day they have to explain that there has been no such thing for years. A key without a lock! Of course there was once such a thing, and the notice of it guided many a tourist to it. But the

of books. So many ideas are offered us, so many courses, studies, formulas, that are keys of forgotten locks. So many slogans, doctrines, mottoes, proverbs—now outgrown. Poor Richard's Almanac with its quaint sayings answered well enough for the meagre scale and opportunities of Franklin's day, but would never have done for the conquest of a continent.

WHO among us has not among his effects a box of old keys— not to be thrown away, for some among them may still be necessary, or become so when some long forgotten trunk or bag has for a journey in the baggage car to be locked once more. This hope entertained for the few among them, supports the many and protects them from destruction. Full well do we know that most of them belong to luggage long ago abandoned or doors now shut behind us for the last time. Still we cling to them, unsure whether some of them may not yet prove to have some forgotten function after all. It is so difficult when you sell an old car or turn over an old house to remember to turn in all the keys. So keys accumulate, and many a man otherwise practical enough carries upon his person a weight of metal the purposes of some of which he cannot for the life of him recall—some even which he definitely knows have no more use for him, but only a sentimental interest, to bring back an old house, the old office, some old relationship of which that key is all of a material kind that remains. For what after all is history or



notice happens to have survived the museum itself.

Of course this is especially true in the world of thought and



literature but a museum of keys to lost locks? A seasoned friend of mine declares that the whole course of his life from youth to age is faithfully reflected in the keys that still linger upon his key-ring. One little instrument among them was to use in slipping the ring in the bull's nose; for the home of his youth was a Kentucky stock farm. But now—the bulls are gone, the farm is gone, the folks are gone; of it all there remains only this tiny token, a key to a lock that is lost.

HAVE you ever descended into the nethermost parts of a great library and there in its crypt-like recesses beheld the dead books of other days? Vast areas of dull theologies, forgotten literatures, bleak periodicals, left high and dry by the currents of interest and opinion; out of the stream of common life; discarded and embalmed. Even fiction fares no better than the rest. What is more curious than an old novel? Except for a few great masters, the light literature of former generations is as dead as its science, philosophy, and politics. Only last week a journalist was trying to explain to his readers who William Black was. He could not have labored more diligently had Black been some forgotten Pharaoh, instead of the most fashionable novelist of my youth! How soon we consign them to the remotest stacks, the paradise of the book-worm and the pedant, but to the average man considerably less interesting than a good graveyard.

For here are preserved so many keys to lost locks. Once they served the homely needs of daily life, and opened doors through walls of ignorance, prejudice and superstition, which no longer shut us in. For this and what we may learn from it we do well to prize them, and keep them, lest we forget the long and difficult path mankind has trodden. Though they be useless as the key to the Bastille, let us preserve and even revere them a little, for what they symbolize in human struggle and aspiration.

For are we not in effect, all of us, shut in the innermost recesses of a vast building, out of whose dungeons we have slowly made our way first into vaults and cellars slightly more habitable, then into upper and larger rooms with some daylight, and on to really commodious chambers of size and comfort; yet still locked in from

grander courts and galleries that we somehow know lie beyond awaiting us, could we but find the keys to open them; and after them when we find the last key of all, some prodigious out of doors, beyond our present dreams? No wonder our hands are still full of old keys.



THERE is in the heart of certain New England mountains an ancient hostelry, unspoiled by modern fashion. Its huge drawing room is richly hung with photographs of Boston and Maine scenery of fifty years ago. Of these it is enough to say that the ladies in bathing costumes would appear overdressed for the street today, while the ladies dressed for the street resemble nothing at all unless it be arctic explorers in search of the pole. And yet,—let us not deny it—once we not only respected but positively admired these get-ups. The more fashionable a thing is in its day, the more grotesque it will afterward appear. And these are the fashion plates of the period.

Instructive as are the pictures in this extraordinary room, they are nothing to its furniture. This is "period" with a vengeance,—the period of President Hayes, at its very height. Every piece in the room is a museum piece, and belongs there and nowhere else. No one who has seen it can possibly forget it. But what one yearns for is to see the room crowded with people of that same period; the period of Saratoga Springs and Mammoth Cave; we might almost add of Niagara Falls, in the days before breakfast-food. But no, the eyes that gazed with satisfaction upon these scenes, the forms that found comfort in this furniture, the hearts that here felt the rapture of fashion and luxury, are no more with us; the locks are gone, and these keys linger thus in out of the way places presently, inevi-

tably, to be thrown away.

HOW many old fashions in education, dress, manufacture and society are such keys. Many parents suffer keenly for trying to bring up children on them. A keen observer recently remarked of a distinguished American politician that his policy was up to date in the seventies and eighties, but he kept on clamoring for it in the first quarter of the twentieth century, a generation after it was outgrown. How fortunate that his career ended in disappointment. For such keys once jammed confidently into new locks will only close them tighter than ever. To know when a key is out of date and to find new ones for the new locks, this is politics. We Americans are confused by the transatlantic fashion of calling the second floor of a house the first, so that the first becomes the ground floor. But is not this because in mediæval houses the ground was the floor of the first story, and the first "floor" to be laid with beams and planking was that of the second? An old key, not suited to our locks. And when our British cousins drive on the left, they remind us that when coachmen cracked their whips with glee, it annoyed the foot passengers upon the side walks and the coachmen had to take to the other side of the road. But this of course is tied up with the origin of right and left drive, and will arouse heated archaeological dispute.

IT is said of Old Routh at Oxford, that to the day of his death he persisted in using the stage coach to travel to London, instead of taking advantage of the newly invented railway train. On one occasion when he put down the usual money for his fare, half a crown was returned to him. He asked why, and was told that the fare had been reduced to meet the competition of the railway. Routh pushed back the change. "I have always paid a guinea to ride to London," said he, "and I always will." The old key forever for him. But then he lived to a great age, and used to say that he remembered hearing a man tell of having been present at the coronation of the last king of Poland. Longevity puts one to peculiar tests of which most of us have no conception.

In my student days I picked up in Switzerland a five franc piece of Napoleon First Consul. I presently

[Continued on page 623]

# Some AUGUST Anniversaries



By  
L. D. STEARNS



**A**LTHOUGH August has not a great many important anniversaries, there are a few events that render the month conspicuous, as the discovery of South America, August 1st, 1498, by Christopher Columbus; the discovery of the Delaware river August 28th, 1609, by Henry Hudson, and the sailing of the Pilgrims from Southampton, in the *Speedwell*, August 21st, 1620.

It was during this month, also, that the poet, Tennyson, was born. His song to the *White Owl* is one of his well known whimsies,—

"When merry milkmaids click the latch  
And rarely smells the new mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
Twice or thrice his roundelay;  
Alone and warming his five wits  
The *White Owl* in the belfry sits."

**OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES**, another poet, as well as lecturer and physician, was also born during August. His "*Chambered Nautilus*" is famous practically all over the civilized world. His "*Wonderful One-Hoss Shay*," written in an exactly opposite vein, is overflowing with delightful humor—

"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way

It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits,—  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?"

One who is not familiar with the entire poem should make it a point to look it up and read it during this month—the anniversary-month of the author's birth. It is entertaining from start to finish, when the reader finally discovers:

"How it went to pieces all at once—  
All at once, and nothing first,  
Just as bubbles do when they burst."

**SIR WALTER SCOTT**, the celebrated novelist and poet, who contributed to the history of the world an almost unbelievable example of honor and achievement, was born August 13, 1771. His works, even after so long a time, still hold a notable place in literature. In 1825, an Edinburgh publishing house engaged Scott to write a "*Life of Bonaparte*." While the work was in progress, the publishers became bankrupt and Scott found himself involved, through accommodation bills in their behalf, to the amount of \$600,000. He had very little cash beyond his immediate needs, yet, at a meeting of the creditors, he assumed the full obligation, assuring them of his intention to pay every farthing

if they would but allow him time. Thus, at the age of fifty-five, he set himself to redeem, by his writings, that immense debt. During 1827 he brought out *Waverley*, in nine volumes, and realized \$60,000.00 from the work. In the next few years he succeeded in paying \$270,000.00 on the indebtedness, through the republication of old works, and the issuing of new, but early in 1831 he became ill, and died in September, 1832, leaving a life insurance in favor of the creditors of an additional \$110,000.00.

Felix Adler was born on the 13th of the month, 1851, and John B. Gough on August 22, 1817. One of our former presidents, Benjamin Harrison, was born on the 20th, 1833.

No one of this generation needs to be reminded that the World War was commenced in August, 1914. The tragedies which it brought even into distant American homes, the sacrifices it made necessary, the universal interest which has followed in its wake, are not likely soon to be forgotten. Naturally the greatest suffering did not come to those who live in this favored land; but to the Europeans who were in the very midst of the inferno it left scars which will be long in healing.





View of Brown  
Grave Headstone

# Grave of Historical Figure Obscure and Unknown

By

CLARA E. SEEMANN

MANY of our most heroic figures of history lie buried in obscure places, their valiant deeds scarcely known and their names forgotten. Such an one is Owen Brown, the son of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, who walked gallantly by his father's side in his fight for the liberation of the slaves in this great country of ours.

On a lonely windswept peak of California's Sierra Madres is a solitary grave, its marker a granite boulder; its guards two tall cypress trees, standing like sentinels on their eminent heights. The hardy climber may read this inscription: "Owen Brown, son of John Brown, the Liberator, Died January 9, 1889, aged 64 years."

CALIFORNIANS of today are not conversant with the place of the Brown family in the early history of the state, nor is it generally known by residents of Kansas and Missouri that the boy who struggled for the cause of freedom within the borders of these states, lies forgotten on a peak of California's mountains.

On a lower elevation than the grave, in the high mountains north of Pasadena, are the rotting timbers of the house built by Owen Brown and his brother. Among the brush and



Owen Brown grave, with the higher peaks  
of Sierra Madres in background

grass a solitary pecan tree carries on, and several grape vines struggle for existence. Two rows of tall cypress trees form a lane, dark with shade, which is a welcome retreat when the sun beats hot against the mountain side.

The spirit of the crusader was evidently uppermost in the char-

acter of Owen Brown, as was indicated by his last words when on his death bed: "It is better—to be—in a place—and suffer wrong—than to do wrong." He was the constant companion of his father in all his raids and pitched battles during the hectic period of his struggle for liberty.

THE *Atlantic Monthly*, of the early eighties, gave a graphic account of the escape of seven of the survivors of the Harper's Ferry raid, one of whom was Owen Brown. It was a perilous journey they were forced to take, through forests and swamps, to the shores of Lake Erie and safety. There was a price on their heads, dead or alive. They suffered from exposure and cold, but did not dare betray their flight by even so much as the smoke of a camp fire. Traveling at night through the sparsely settled country, finding their food where they might, it proved to be a long and tedious journey. Raw corn, smuggled from an occasional field, acorns and sassafras leaves were their only food.

Soldiers and indignant citizens, armed with guns, and trailing them with bloodhounds, harassed the ragged fugitives, ready to hang them as traitors, if overtaken. A

younger brother of Owen's, although unarmed, had been shot down in one of the settlements during a skirmish, and this tragedy, together with the fate of his father,



Remains of the old Brown cabin



Part of the tree near the old cabin

impressed upon the lad the need of caution.

However, their plight became so desperate, that two of their number ventured into a small village to obtain food for themselves and their starving comrades and were captured and hanged. Owen, with the remaining four outcasts, reached the island home of his brother, on Lake Erie, after many narrow escapes and thrilling adventures.

**T**HIRTEEN years earlier his father, John Brown, was on the California coast, risking his life in an attempt to obtain aid for Captain Gillespie and his men, who were besieged in Los Angeles by the Californians. John Brown, or Lean John, as he was called, volunteered to take a message to Commodore Stockton at Monterey, asking for immediate assistance. He rode horseback, making the trip of five hundred miles in five days and nights, unbelievable as it may seem. So urgent was the need of help, that he slept but three hours during the entire journey, which was not only an arduous one, but also replete with dangers. Hostility was encountered at every ranch, and possible death might be expected on a mission so important.

Carrying the message, written on cigarette paper hidden in his long hair, John Brown arrived at Monterey, thinking his mission completed, but discovered to his dismay, that Stockton had moved headquarters to San Francisco. Here is where he had his three hours sleep, and changing horses, which he had done at intervals on the trip, without permission of the ranchers, he continued to the bay city, where he procured the desired aid.

**I**N 1881 Owen Brown, the third son of John Brown, arrived in Pasadena to join his brother Jason, and his sister, Mrs. Thompson, who were already living there. He and Jason purchased a piece of land five or six miles north of Pasadena, near Las Casitas, in the vicinity of what is now known as La Vina. Later they sold this place and homesteaded land higher in the Sierra Madres.

They built a wagon road up Brown Canyon, now known as Millard Canyon, and intended continuing it as a donkey trail to the top of Brown peak, upon which it was Owen's desire to be buried. However, this wish was never realized, although his brother's intention to complete the path and ultimately transfer the grave to the higher peak was sincere.

The two men, in feeble health after a life of hardship, found themselves of more or less interest to later settlers, many of whom came out of curiosity, while others came because of a deep sympathy with the fortunes of the family.

The brothers were ardently interested in the temperance movement in those years, and often walked from their mountain home to Pasadena, which would have been a wearisome expedition to more youthful and healthier travelers, to attend the meetings held by temperance organizations.

**I**T was for such a purpose, on December 30, 1881, that they walked to Pasadena, the day Owen contracted his fatal illness. At that time he gave his last dollar to the collection, and when he and his brother were made honorary members of the W. C. T. U., it was with pride he wore the white ribbon on his breast.

Feeling ill, after his long walk and consequent exposure, yet not

having a cent for carfare, he walked two miles to the home of his sister, where a week later he breathed his last, uttering the words already quoted.

Through the efforts of Dr. H. A. Reid of Pasadena, intimate friends of the Brown family were assembled to act as pall bearers at the funeral, at which two thousand people were in attendance.

An interesting item of the last honors paid to this last survivor of the Harper's Ferry raid, was the identity of the pall bearers, most of whom in one way or another actively assisted John Brown in his great idea of attaining freedom for the oppressed.

**F**ROM the ranch home, littered with decayed remnants of the house, and the grave on the higher peak, there is a magnificent view of the lower country; a panorama of cities, hills, blue mists and fogs, ending with the sparkling waters of the Pacific. This picture, though not quite the same, must have been the inspiration for the building of a home on this almost inaccessible spot, when the builders had so little with which to fashion it, except their brave hearts and their abiding faith in God.



The old pecan tree, about 42 years old, remaining on mountain



# Over the Top

By

KATIE C. JENSEN

Says Ernest Crosby—

*"Where are the cowards who bow  
down to environment—*

*Who think they are made of  
what they eat.*

*I am not wax, I am energy.  
I have my ideas to work out and  
the universe is given me for  
raw material."*

SO with every generation life grows broader and finer. As a problem it is as insoluble now as it was in the days of Job. As a task it is infinitely more varied, interesting and full.

Nowadays, the religious feeling which is most useful is not the kind that wades through dark valleys of doubt and violence, but the kind that sheds the daily warm sunshine of faith and cheer over all the common days.

To those who did not comprehend the "mass participation" idea of last year it seemed a Chinese puzzle, complicated, indefinite, confusing, and full of really hard work. But human blessedness is "not found in success, but in effort; not in arriving, but in traveling; not in the wages and guerdons of work, but in work itself." Therefore heaven seems to me as the place—

*"Where human power and failure  
Are equalized forever,  
And the great light that haloes  
all*

*Is the passionate bright endeavor."*

But to the courageous hearted M. I. A. worker mass participation was a challenge to leadership for development, and achievement. It was a means to an end. It was a plan by which the M. I. A. could at last reach the objectives for which it has always stood.

Someone has asked—"Are we creatures or creators?" M. I. A. leaders are not creatures, they are co-creators with the Divine Spirit of God.

A famous philosopher said—  
"Reach a heart and save a soul."

The human heart is an undiscovered country; men and women are forever perishing as they explore its wilds. The human heart may be a tangled wood wherein no man knows his way, or it may be a garden wherein grow weeds of memory and blooms of hope. The human heart may seem a great city teeming with myriad people, full of business and mighty doings, and sometimes we wander its crowded streets unutterably alone; we do not know what it is all about. "The human heart may be the throne of God, or the council chamber of Satan, but to youth the heart is a fairy-land of venture and adventure, a cup of love for people, a liking for things, where one may find life and happiness."

THE most persistent elements of interest in life are venture and adventure. Life is a continuous voyage of discovery. It has in it the fun of a game, even at its worst, and if anyone should tell us the end of it all, he would be as intolerable a nuisance as the officious person who has read the book we are in the midst of, and who insists on telling us how it all comes out.

Mass participation calls for venture and promises adventure. Can we visualize 25,000 hearts touched

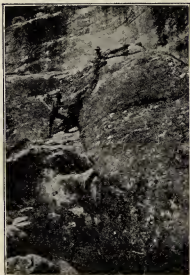
and throbbing to the sweet music of cultural activities? Can you see 50,000 eyes alight with the joy of living, the joy of doing? Could activity of mind and body but come into its own there would be no crime waves, little need for reformatories or penitentiaries, no fear for the future generations. Mass participation has brought a new spirit, a new joy into the heart of M. I. A. It is as a mighty creature of destiny, reaching out its long arms into the far corners of the Church. And already its influence has been felt in the home, community, and nation.

IN the educational institutions of today, we make a prominent place for the brilliant and clever ones, but very little effort is made to reach and develop the slow, shy girl or boy. Too often is youth discouraged in the beginning because no one cares. But in M. I. A. activities all are winners. While it is true, friendly contest work is the outgrowth of mass participation, there is only gain in the effort made to achieve. The true "mutual improvement spirit" is over all.

Last year's plan found 25,000 people singing, dancing, speaking, telling stories, acting a part.

Plato said—"Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten."

Oh! the thrill that came from hearing those wonderful groups of singers. And in many instances the singing was being done by boys and girls who had never tried to sing before. One of the very finest girls' choruses in the Church came from a little mining town, came as a result of mass participation. A true story is told of the girl who lived on a farm in southern Utah. Her people were of moderate circumstances and could not afford to send her away to school. They loved her too dearly to send her



away to work. Life ceased to be a game to her—it was a monotonous reality. Just the same work—the same voices, the same "Home Sweet Home" picture on the wall. She was unhappy and her voice was unkind and harsh. October came with the M. I. A. in full swing in the nearby village. Some friends urged her to go. She was invited to join a ladies' chorus. She found she could sing and enjoyed it. Nothing could keep her away from Mutual. Life was different and colorful now. She sang while she worked. She practiced her chorus number. Those homely duties were no longer irksome. She brought joy and light into that humble home and enriched her own young life.

PERHAPS our readers would remind us of the echo from some of our homes which questions our young people being so busy every evening during certain months of the year. While we realize that rehearsals, chorus practices, dancing classes take time and energy, we must think seriously in terms of values. When people are busy they are worth while. Shall we keep our people busy in the service of our Heavenly Father? One evening a boy seventeen came to my door. He was weary, ragged, and hungry and asked for work that he might obtain food. After giving him relief, I asked where he was from, where he was going, and why he had left home. He answered in a husky voice as the great tears welled in his eyes—"I am from Kansas, I left home because I had nothing else to do. Even this wandering is better than just living for nothing." He meant he was dying mentally, physically and spiritually. Make the comparison. Latter-day Saints really live, and I think no one has ever really lost a life through hard work in the service of our Heavenly Father. Let us be happy that we have our own recreational centers even though our activities take so much of our time.

Could we have paused by the roadside where a young man was fixing a tire, we should have known that while it was hot and dusty that boy was humming a tune. Instead of being angry and swearing about it, he sang his troubles away. He was humming the melody that was being used for the contest dance. His task was

light because his heart was gay. And let us watch for a moment the boy who was all hands and feet when he started in the dancing division, but soon he had forgotten them completely and was the most graceful dancer on the floor. In another place a charming little Japanese girl, a member of our Church, won the final contest dance. How her little heart fluttered under her dainty gown when the decision was given.

The grace, the poise, the power of physical expression, colored with that veiled romance, brings the dance to its highest standard in the opinion of all who participate and an indefinable longing is felt in the hearts of those who look on.

And the drama—such thrills were never known before. How fine it would be if we had more girls who would play they were "Pollyanna," more women who cultivated the philosophy of "Mrs. Wiggs"—men who indulged in the spirit of "The passing of the third floor back," if "The servant in the house," and the character of "Larry" swayed the actions of our young men. All the world plays a part. Why not choose a delightful one? One of our stakes reported that one ward presenting three one-act plays had more people in the three casts than were left in the ward to be the audience. Another stake was able to place a young, intelligent negro boy, member of the Church and M. I. A. by using the play "High Heart." He secured a car and dressed in a chauffeur's uniform while traveling from place to place in order to avoid embarrassment. In another far away ward that was presenting "Conversion," it had been necessary to use a non-member of the Church in the grandfather's part, and the day of the final contest was celebrated by baptizing him. He said the play had been his incentive to study carefully the principles which had held little interest for him previously. In another place a whole family are now attending church because their second boy was used in the one-act play, "In the Making."

ONE mission president reported that he noticed a great improvement in missionaries who were sent into the field. He felt they used better English, were not so

self-conscious, possessed poise, were more cultured and could give fine little talks as a result of public speaking in M. I. A. The condition of the world today is making it necessary that we should be able to express ourselves intelligently. One young man who had given a talk on the non-use of tobacco said to his friends—"I may not have helped anyone else through my effort to speak, but I have publicly pledged never to use tobacco myself."

And the story—Every person's life is a story, containing joy, adventure, experience. Let us picture a beautiful young girl of 17 years, a non-member of the Church, who participated in the story-telling division in one of our finest stakes. She told an athletic story so beautifully that her audience was spellbound. She never misses an opportunity of attending the M. I. A. meetings. Surely we cannot teach the Gospel in a finer way than those officers who have encouraged such a thing as this? In another place a shy little junior girl who had failed many times in school because of nervousness when the final test came, first won in the story-telling contest in her ward, the next year in her stake, the third year in her division. Was she a winner? A young man visited a sheep camp during the first ten days in June. He introduced the story-telling activity as a pastime during the long summer evenings. Those men, though diamonds in the rough, enjoyed telling and listening to fine clean stories of adventure, religion and humor and the participants themselves enjoyed being the judges as to who told the best story. Much laughter and friendly discussion sent them off to bed rejoicing at such clean entertainment.

THESE are only a few of the incidents illustrating the results and values of mass participation. A whole volume could be written from each stake. Now go with me to a little rural meeting house where they were putting on some plays. You would wonder whose home had been invaded to gather curtains, tables, rugs. Two stalwart boys were used as props for those curtains because we could really see four full grown feet protruding from beneath them. The stage setting was built on top and

[Continued on page 610]



# The Workmanship of Your Own Hands

By GLEN J. BEELEY

## Blue Printing

**B**LUE PRINTING is an art project that has many possibilities, is easy to do, and very inexpensive.

### Some Blue Print Projects—

1. Greeting cards.
2. Announcements.
3. Book labels.
4. Imitation tiles; printed on paper, then mounted and varnished for decorative work.
5. Wall panels.
7. Leaves, weeds, laces, stencils, to be used as designs.
9. Lamp shades, either pleated or plain.
10. Tray mats made from white lace doilies. (To be mounted under glass.)

After one has completed a few of these suggestions, one may work out original ideas.

### Materials—

Blue print paper is usually handled by firms selling draughting supplies and it comes in rolls or may be purchased by the yard (cost from 15c to 25c per yard postpaid.)

In case one is not able to get it locally it may be purchased by sending to Salt Lake Blue Print & Supply Co., Judge Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. (Write for catalog.)

It is not advisable to purchase blue print paper in large quantities, unless one uses much of it in a short time, as it deteriorates if damp. It is best to keep it well wrapped and in a dry, dark closet.

An ordinary sink or pan of clean water may be used for the washing of the prints, after they have been exposed to bright sunlight for several minutes. Experiments with small scraps of paper will determine the exact amount of time to allow for the correct exposure. The prints must be washed in several changes of water until they are a clear blue. Then they should be placed between several thicknesses of paper and left to dry.

### Method—

Lay the object or pattern to be blue-printed, face down on the glass; next place a piece of blue print paper with prepared side against the back of object or design. Then fix the back of frame in place, locking same. The whole is now ready for exposure to sunlight.

A printing frame may be purchased at the supply house, or a piece of cardboard may be used to hold the glass, pattern, and blue print in place. If the latter is used, hold firmly while exposing to the light.

The usual time of exposure is about

one to one and one-fourth minutes in bright July sunlight. In winter months it takes a little longer.

On removal of the sensitive paper from frame, the print is washed in water for a few minutes, until the lines appear white and the background blue, the color depending on the time of exposure; if correctly exposed a good clear-blue will be the result. Lay the blue print between papers to dry.

When print is washed and there is no contrast, it is under exposed; give longer exposure. If lines are not continuous it means loss of contact. The material should be held tight in place.

Remember that blue print paper does not remain serviceable forever. As it becomes older, the color of the sensitized film changes from yellow to greenish yellow, to green and finally to blue. Moisture and dampness deteriorates paper faster than light.

Old paper that is at the greenish stage can be used, but the lines do not come out white as they do on fresh paper.

For decorative art, the wax crayon for tinting and coloring is very suc-

cessfully used and the finished article has the soft appearance of pastel work.

## Questions and Answers

*Where may one purchase leather for bags, key rings, etc.?*

There are a number of very good places.

1. Graton and Knight Company, Worcester, Mass.

2. Lester Griswold, 623 Park Terrace, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

3. W. A. Hall, 250 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

4. The Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City, has a fine selection of leather for tooling or for lacing work. Write for information and price list to the Wholesale Shoe Dept., Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City.

*Can you make a hooked rug or chain seat using different kinds of material?*

Yes, you can use almost any kind of materials; you must cut your fine material much wider than your heavy material, however.

*Do hooked rugs have to be made on a frame?*

No, it is easier to work with the burlap loose in the hands, pulling the yarn or strips of cloth through with a large crochet hook.

## Flames

By RACHEL GRANT TAYLOR

### A Flame Controlled.

Go to a home, a flame controlled gives warmth, cooks food, and invites to cheery comfort at the open fireplace.

Go to a foundry, a flame controlled melts to sluggish liquid the scrapped steel of the battleship, and moulds it into automobiles and plow discs.

Go to a factory, a flame controlled moves a thousand wheels, and the product of forest and field is converted into wares which minister to man's necessities.

### A Flame Uncontrolled.

Go to the forest, a flame uncontrolled leaves smoking, blackened stumps, where stood the monarchs of the wood.

Go to the field of ripened grain, a flame uncontrolled consumes with ruddy, greedy lips each morsel of man's life-giving food.

Go to the city, a flame uncontrolled leaves home, foundry, factory, with all their gifts, in heaps of ashes and debris.

A flame uncontrolled causes destruction to all it touches. It can wipe out everything a controlled flame produces.

### The Flame of Love Controlled.

Go to a home, the flame of love controlled radiates warmth of spirit, lifts common service to the heights of joy, brings benediction through its life-producing power.

Go to the halls of learning, the flame of love controlled gives young manhood and womanhood reserve strength and force, high hopes and dreams, companionship built on the foundation of self-mastery and self-respect.

Go to world of man, the flame of love controlled safeguards the home, produces confidence and good will, upholds honor and justice.

Do not follow the trail of the flame of love uncontrolled. Its lights are false and flickering. Along its downward path are shattered hopes, broken homes, nameless children. It leads to the depths, to disease, death and the downfall of nations.

Follow the trail of the flame of love controlled. Its lights are constant and true. Along its upward path are lofty dreams, happy homes, children with a noble birthright. It leads to the heights of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God.



# A Daughter of Martha

By  
IVY WILLIAMS STONE

CHAPTER ONE

*Illustrated by*  
*Paul S. Clowes*

NIGHT was falling softly on the plains, with the slow shadows of gray veiling the monotony of the endless flats. Camp-fires burned brightly, and with singing and soft laughter a weary company of travelers came to the end of a hard day's trek. Men and women, boys and young girls, children of playful years, too young to realize the hardships of the trip, joined in the song and prayer which marked the close of another day. Strangers from many lands were gathered here, their strangeness melting into the close

friendship of a single purpose, and their lives, once so different, becoming as one life, with one end in view—the reaching of the promised westland, where none should be hurt, and none should be afraid, and happiness be complete.

Quiet in the midst of pleasant confusion, Margaret Kirkman sat a little apart from the others, on a grassy mound, and wondered at the turns of fate which had brought her here. Memories crowded in upon her with lightning swiftness, and in a few mo-

ments she lived over the events and experiences of the past many years. The prairie faded away, and the light of the campfire became the illumination of the dying South African sun, setting upon a peaceful little village. It was ten years ago. The cattle and oxen were safe in the *kralls*, and the mock orange hedges made an effective barrier against the depredations of predatory animals. The Kafir house servants, good servants if you kept them in their place and fed them well, went about their usual routine with childish sim-





*The next night, after the train had made camp, a band of Indians rode up. They were dressed for the war path, and again Margaret Kirkman felt a sickening weakness.*

plicity. Fort Somerset on the hill, fully garrisoned with trained English soldiers, was an ever present reminder to the Kafirs and Hot-tentots of the futility of another uprising. Peace had endured for eleven years.

**TICKY**, the chore boy for the Kirkman family had caught a monkey by baiting a gourd with lump sugar. The four Kirkman boys were gathered about the chattering little animal, with other children in the village, laughing at the frightened little fellow. But Margaret Kirkman, wife of John Kirkman storekeeper and trader, did not join the general hilarity.

"John," she whispered to her husband, "I like not the feeling I have. I have seen several Kafirs, tattooed and naked, sneaking through the thicket. They are painted and have their ox skin shields and those deadly *assagais*.

You had best go to the Fort and bring soldiers."

"You borrow trouble, my wife," answered John Kirkman. "you are not well. They will never again dare to rise against the English. We are too powerful."

**JOHN KIRKMAN** glanced about. He felt an impending, ominous fear which he could not explain. Life had been secure and peaceful—too much so.

With a wild, piercing cry the war broke forth from the shelter of the orange thickets, and the following evening the setting sun was reddened and dulled with the smoke that rose from the plundered village. And there, under the African skies, illumined with flames, with only God and neighbor women to help, Margaret Kirkman bore a child—a girl child, with a wealth of curling, auburn hair, a little pug nose, delicately



formed hands and thin, transparent skin.

"Dear God," breathed Margaret Kirkman, "Save her from the menace of the black race. Lead us to another country where we may live in peace."

Then missionaries had come who had told of a wondrous coun-

try across the Atlantic, across the United States, far on to a land called Utah.

"But there are negroes even in the States," parried John Kirkman, who hesitated to leave his hard-earned holdings.

"But they are slaves," answered his wife.

"This land of which I heard is far beyond the slave country. These people, themselves, are fled from persecutions. They preach a wonderful religion. They worship God as their conscience dictates. They are far beyond trouble."

TEN years later, sincere converts to this marvelous religion, Margaret Kirkman and her sons and the youthful Gloria stood on the beach, ready to start for America and the United States and the great inland country beyond, where their religion beckoned them. Her husband, who was to follow his wife and children as soon as he could dispose of their chain of isolated stores, gravely presented Margaret with a new wedding ring and fifteen yards of heavy, black silk.

"This," he announced, "has traveled from England to Africa; now it goes on from Africa to Utah; would that I could go in its stead!" He picked up the wide-eyed, wondering Gloria and kissed the flamboyant curls.

"Little daughter," his voice in spite of great control faltered a little, "I send you with your mother and brothers to a land of freedom, peace and plenty. Await my coming."

AFTER sixty days, during which the daily pumping of the boat never ceased, the *Henrietta* had finally covered the sixty-eight hundred miles, and docked at New York. Here was a queer board, called a gang plank, down which the wondering Gloria walked, with a brother in front and one behind. Before them was an odd, round building, called Castle Gardens. It was here, their guiding missionary had told them, that the Swedish nightingale had sung. They called her Jenny Lind. Her marvelous voice had charmed the whole world. Would some adventurer find her, Gloria, and her curls, in that far away land to

which they journeyed, and would she become famous?

Her childish reverie was rudely interrupted by an exclamation of dismay from Margaret Kirkman. A bold-speaking, self-assured military officer in blue, his glance covetous as he surveyed the four tall, stalwart, well built sons of Margaret Kirkman, approached.

"We need fine young men like you in our army." His voice was



mellowed, his manner flattering. "We can offer you splendid boys real pay, real food, and glory fighting for a real cause. There will be many benefits afterwards. Choice lands will go to the soldiers. Our boys can help set the down-trodden black men free."

FREE black men! Margaret Kirkman caught her breath. Was it for this she had traveled nearly seven thousand miles? Had she left husband and holdings and prosperity, to send her sons to free black men from whom she was fleeing? Quickly she glanced at her sons and motioned them to silence.

"*Ons is Mormons. Ons is op weg na Utah. Ons wil nie veg nie.*" She spoke evenly, in the language of the African born Boer.

"I do not know your Dutch, but I will get an interpreter," answered the officer quickly. "He can make you understand. Won-

derful chance for immigrant boys to secure land."

Almost before Margaret Kirkman had a chance to explain her motive to her sons, and to admonish them to silence, the officer returned, accompanied by a man whom she easily recognized as a Boer.

He began to talk to them in the native *Afrikaand*, which she and her sons understood perfectly, but which they pretended not to know. When he had finished a glowing account of the benefits of the Union Army, Margaret Kirkman spoke again, in the language of the Kafirs, which the faithful Mooloo had taught her in idle moments.

"*Gina lo Mormons. Gina ham-ba lapa lo Utah. Gina aikona juna ilwa.*" Imitating the guttural click of the Kafirs, she stared at the interpreter with an assumed stupidity.

"Can't you speak English or Dutch?" he demanded crossly. "*Gina aikona niaas.*" (We do not understand). She repeated.

"The poor slaves are whipped like cattle and sold in the markets," urged the enlisting officer. "The plantation owners of the South have no mercy. *Land* will be your reward."

"*Gina aikona niaas.*" Repeated Margaret Kirkman, glad of her ability to speak this language.

"I don't understand them," the interpreter turned to the officer. "They don't speak Boer or English. A native jargon which I know not. They are Mormons, that much I can understand."

The officer in blue swore audibly. "D—— the Mormons!" he cried harshly. If you could talk sense, we would take you anyway!"

GLORIA stood silently by, watching the custom officers open their trunks. Dress goods which later kept them from actual want, had been torn into short pieces, to avoid duty. Two heavy porcelain dinner plates, which later became valuable exhibits, were wrapped in a thin Paisley shawl. There was the confusing changing of their English money into the American coinage. These people all spoke of dollars. It took more than four shillings to equal one of them, and almost five of those dollars to equal a pound sterling. These people spoke of eagles and



half eagles. Ten dimes, twenty nickels, a hundred pennies, two halves and four quarters, all equalled the same; a *dollar*. There was paper money too. Margaret Kirkman turned to her sons, relying upon their youth and adaptability to solve this necessary adjustment.

"Mind, lady," the custom officer spoke gravely, "no matter what inducements are offered, do not change your money into coin that does not bear the stamp of the U. S. A."

The immigrants had occasion to remember the warning. Scarcely had they left Castle Gardens when a suave, polite man approached them, offering to change currency of the Confederate States of America two for one. "I could see, lady," his voice was just a trifle too smooth, "that you are a stranger in a strange land. I like to help deserving people like you."

Margaret Kirkman shook her head, but the man persisted.

"The Confederate States are financially sound; they are bound to win in this great conflict. Their homes, their lands, are at stake. But they wish their currency scattered broadcast. For one of your dollars, you can buy two dollars worth."

ALL Margaret Kirkman knew was the warning of the officer. Here was a war over black men, from whom she had fled. She studied the expression of this money-changer, but his gaze never met hers directly. His eyes were shifting, suspicious.

"Gina aikona ni-aas," she answered.

"Maybe that would have been a good thing," Stephen hoped for quick wealth.

"Never expect something for nothing, my son," counseled Margaret Kirkman. "The States are established—I cannot trust anything which has to do with the treacherous black man."

The marvels of Broadway fascinated the young Gloria. Polk bonnets, crinoline skirts, pantalottes, fringed shawls, gay parasols

with folding handles. Horses drawing fancy, open carriages. But there were no velvet riding habits and plumed hats, such as Lady Somerset had worn back in Africa. Men with grave faces and long beards—men in uniform—men with a flapping sleeve or a peg leg! Whenever Gloria saw a blue coat she sought refuge behind her mother's full skirts.

A TRAIN, with red plush cushions, the first she had ever seen, took them farther West, closer to their promised land. But after two days the train was halted by more blue coated horsemen and after a brief parley the Mormon immigrants were turned out with the terse comment:

"To the cattle cars with you Mormons. They're too good for such as you. Huskies like you should fight!"

Thus Margaret Kirkman, who had never seen a snowstorm, who had never done a washing, whose life had been built around an indulgent husband, and the slow, even tenure of colored servants, found herself and family established in a none too clean cattle car, on the last lap of the journey to the Missouri.

From St. Louis to Omaha by boat. More men in uniform, some of them gray. Glimpses of negroes,



some arrogant, as befitted a free-man, some humble and cowering. They were blacker than the Kafirs and lacked the stalwart bodies. Why should white men fight and die for such as these?

IT was hard for Margaret Kirkman to understand.

Two wagons were carefully loaded with bounteous provisions, and the treasures from far away England, which had come from the grandfather who fought under Wellington. Four oxen to each wagon, a cow, a sheet iron stove. White flour, dried fruits, beans and peas. Slabs of bacon, which the rough hostlers called "sow belly." Margaret Kirkman fashioned a capacious wall-pocket on the white canvas cover, for handy storage, and put a clever little step on the rear, so the active Gloria could climb in quickly when she tired of walking. Flowers everywhere. Meadows dotted with pink, fragrant blossoms. Sand lillies around the ant hills. Inquisitive little prairie dogs, chattering chipmunks that knew no fear, but came in to your meals as if bidden. Shaggy, lumbering buffalo, that occasionally furnished fresh meat. The rivers plentiful with fish. The start of the journey was like a glorious vacation.

Thomas and Stephen Kirkman, accustomed to handling sixteen oxen through the swollen streams of Africa, were capable teamsters when fording a river. But all the men of the party were not so skilled. Despite their warning, an elderly man drove rashly into an untried ford, and his oxen floundered and lost their footing. The wagon turned on its side, and in the confusion that followed, and the rescuing of family and household belongings, he failed to count his family. From the half submerged portion of the wagon came evidence of a desperate struggle. Thomas Kirkman plunged downward and groped blindly about. He felt, rather than saw, a head, covered with long trailing hair. He grasped it firmly, bound it around his wrist and came to the surface, pulling a young woman by her watery locks!

THE next night, after the train had made camp, a band of Indians rode up. They were

[Continued on page 625]

# Fay Lawler TENDERFOOT

By  
HARRISON R. MERRILL

*Illustrated by  
Paul S. Clowes*

FAY LAWLER signed his name at the bottom of the list of professional broncho riders, who were scheduled to appear at the Pawnee Roundup and Rodeo, and straightened up.

"When is the first contest?" he asked.

"To-morrow at 2.30," the secretary responded glancing at Fay's derby hat and grinning broadly. "We've got some bear-cats of hawses, too, stranger."

"So I've heard," Fay replied answering the grin with a smile. "I'll be there, plug hat and all."

"You'll have to get some other outfit for the ride," the secretary stated. "Rules read — 'Wide hat and chaps'."

Lafayette  
Lawler

walked out of the rodeo office feeling relieved. At last he seemed about to even scores with Breezy Lyons, a cowboy who had done the worst thing he could have done—he had held Fay's hard hat up to ridicule and had called him a tenderfoot sky-pilot.



Gathering his four legs under him, Red Beelzebub, seeming to sense his advantage, shot skyward once more, this time with a twist that entirely unseated his rider.

FAY had been waiting a long time to wipe out those two insults, as he called them. There was a time when he would have done his best to even scores on the spot with hard fists or even more severe methods, but that was before he had gone into the mission field. He had preached the message of the Nazarene too long to seek direct and sudden revenge, but he was too young and impetuous to allow Breezy Lyons, or anyone else, to laugh at his "get up" in the way Breezy had done, or to call him a tenderfoot in any country. Somehow that word "tenderfoot" to Fay had bad connotations. It seemed to suggest inexperience and lack of poise.

Lafayette Lawler had gone into the mission field from the broken country along the Salt Wash and the San Rafael where horses were horses, merely, and where cow-punchers knew their trade, or should it be called a profession? He had always been one who could take as well as give hard knocks, and his pride had suffered decidedly when Breezy Lyons, out of pure cowboy recklessness had broken up one of his street meetings in Denver by poking fun at his costume and by calling him a tenderfoot sky-pilot. Fay had chafed because mission discipline had prevented him from settling the matter in good old western fashion on the spot.

UPON his release a few weeks later, a story in a Denver paper had drawn him to the little cow town of Pawnee where an unusually well advertised rodeo was shortly to take place. The thing that had taken Fay to the rodeo city was a story in which it was stated that one, Breezy Lyons, would be present in person, and that Lyons was the champion buckaroo of the Wind River country and would probably take first place in the professional riding contest. Fay had immediately decided that he would compete with Breezy Lyons for that prize. It was his way of getting revenge and of wiping out that sneering word, "Tenderfoot."

A telegram to his father in Copper Globe, Utah, had brought by return wire a message which Fay

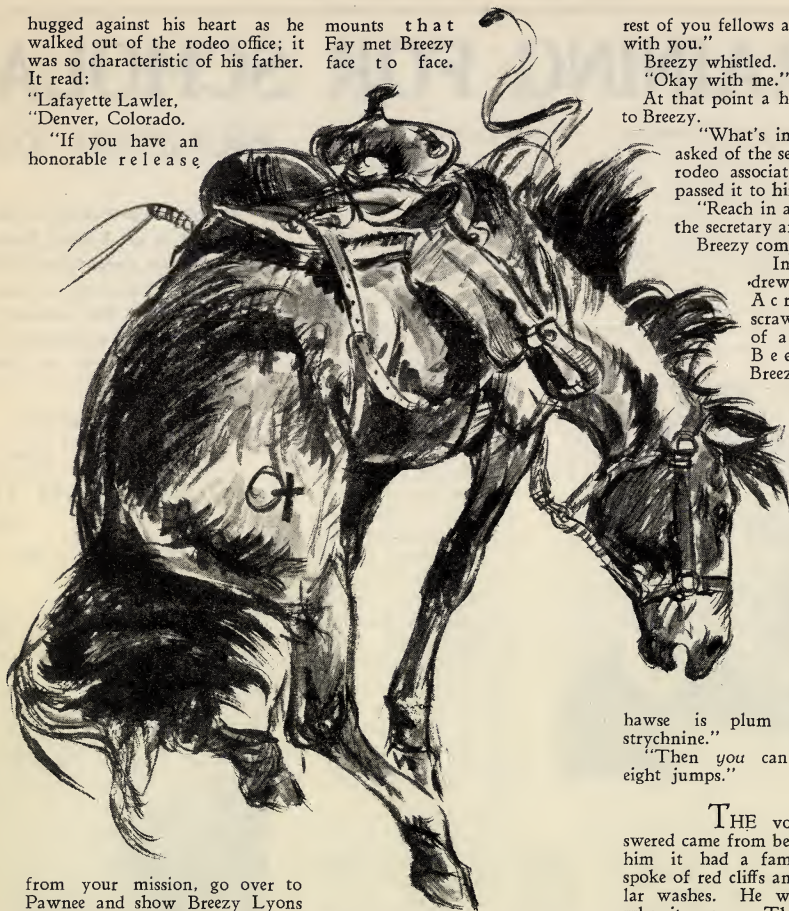


hugged against his heart as he walked out of the rodeo office; it was so characteristic of his father. It read:

"Lafayette Lawler,  
"Denver, Colorado.

"If you have an  
honorable release

mounts that  
Fay met Breezy  
face to face.



from your mission, go over to Pawnee and show Breezy Lyons that it ain't the hat that rides the horse.—Dad."

Fay had known all along that he would get some such answer from his dad, who had ridden the range for thirty years, and who, in all that time, had never been bluffed by a cowboy or thrown by a horse. His father had lived the older law of an eye for an eye or a laugh for a laugh. Fay was feeling primitive, himself, rather than Christian as he made his way to the hotel where he would await the beginning of the riding contests.

IT was not until the cowboys came together to draw for

Breezy recognized him at once and grinned.

"Well, if it ain't the hard-hatted sky-pilot!" he exclaimed.

Fay nodded, but said nothing. He knew the cowboy was not aware of his intention to ride.

"Come out to save some of us rollickin' sinners?" Breezy asked.

"Yeah," Fay answered in his best range language, "from winnin' first money."

"Yu don't say!" Breezy exclaimed. "Of course yuhre kiddin'; preachers don't ride in rodeos."

"This one does," Fay replied, grimly. "I'm drawing with the

rest of you fellows and I'm riding with you."

Breezy whistled.

"Okay with me."

At that point a hat was passed to Breezy.

"What's in it, son?" he asked of the secretary of the rodeo association who had passed it to him.

"Reach in and find out," the secretary answered.

Breezy complied.

In his turn Fay drew out a card.

Across it was scrawled the name of a horse—"Red B e e l z e b u b."

Breezy looked over Fay's shoulder and saw the name of his mount. He whistled incredulously.

"The worst one of the string!" he said, his gray eyes narrowed to knife edges. "Bet yu don't stick 'im eight jumps.

That there

hawse is plum pizen—plum strychnine."

"Then you can't stick him eight jumps."

THE voice that answered came from behind Fay. To him it had a familiar ring—it spoke of red cliffs and perpendicular washes. He whirled to see who it was. There stood his father.

"What's talkin'?" Breezy shoved his hand into his pocket. "Is money talkin'?"

"No, this kid's dad's talkin'." Franklin Lawler stepped close and laid his hand affectionately on Fay's shoulder. "I'm just sayin' that the horse that stacks this boy up kin stack you up. I know this lad and I know horses. Of course, I'm not acquainted with you, but I'm of the opinion that the man don't wear high heels that can beat him on a mustang."

"Dad!" Fay cried, seizing his father's hand before Lawler was

[Continued on page 602]

# TRAINING FOR SCHOLAR

## Spiritualized Education

President Brigham Young set the standard of education at the Church University which bears his name when he instructed Dr. Karl G. Maeser, the first principal, to see that even the teaching of the multiplication table be done under the guidance of the spirit of the Lord.

The educational ideal of this great school has ever been to

## Steady Growth Continues

That the educational facilities and fine student spirit of the University have proved exceedingly popular is witnessed by the fact that in the past ten years the enrollment of college students has steadily increased to more than three times its former size. Today about 1,500 college students are in regular attendance annually.

The summer school just closed has set an all-time record for attendance during the summer quarter, with an enrollment of approximately 600.

The number taking advantage of the correspondence and extension class courses provided through the Extension Division during the past year has been the greatest in the history of the department.

The number of graduates with the masters and bachelors degree in June, 1931, exceeded by a considerable margin the highest mark of previous years.

The endowment of the University is growing each year by several thousands of dollars. It is expected that in the next five years this fund will reach a very significant total.

This growth is the result of a growing consciousness that the Church is offering the best there is in education.



PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG  
Who Founded the University in 1875

transmit to the 22,000 students who have passed through its portals, and those who will yet come, that dynamic spiritual motivation, which at once provides aid and inspiration to the student, and the encouragement to use his learning in the service of mankind.

The University was founded October 16, 1875. Its affairs are administered by a board of twelve trustees, elected triennially by the vote of the Latter-day Saints, acting through the First Presidency of the Church. It is supported by annual appropriations from the Church, by fees paid by students, and through the income from endowments.

## BRIGHAM YOUNG

Office of the

1. Standard university work accepted by the United States.
2. Necessary preliminary college Complete training in some.
3. Opportunity for economy in general.
4. An unusually wholesome environment.
5. Sympathetic aid in solving problems.

Address all inquiries to:

Office of the

BRIGHAM YOUNG

PROVOST

The Friend



THE MAESER

Now the Administration Building, housing the Purchasing Agent; as well as the classroom building. The structure is the gift of Alumni and friends of the first President of the School.

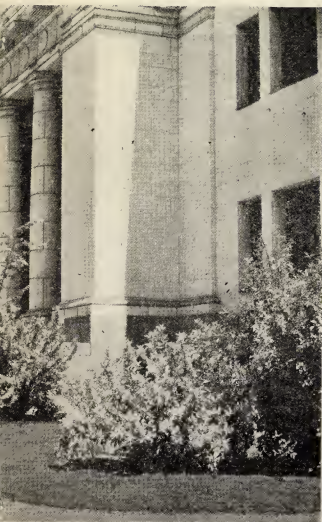


# SHIP AND CHARACTER

## NG UNIVERSITY

ers:  
 credited by the highest accrediting  
 work for any of the professions.  
 tting an education.  
 nment in which to live.  
 perplexing moral and religious

e President,  
 NG UNIVERSITY  
 , UTAH  
 dly School



MEMORIAL  
 offices of the President, Secretary, Registrar and  
 s and offices of the College of Commerce.  
 friends and was erected to the memory of  
 hool, Dr. Karl G. Maeser.

### Wholesome Social Life

The "social" part of student life at the "Y" is organized around what are known as Social Units. While admittedly experimental in nature, this unique effort to maintain on the modern University campus, a student life which is democratic and free from snobbery, has met with encouraging success.

While the entire scheme of organization is under the regulation of the faculty, according to rules laid down by the Board of Trustees, the fullest possible recognition is given to student initiative, and student government.

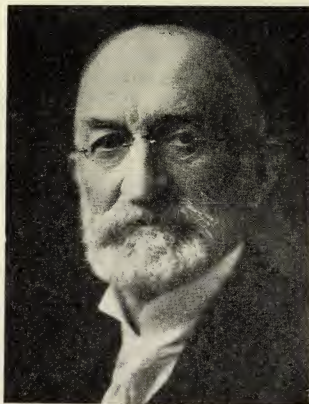
The plan extends to every student the opportunity to affiliate himself or herself with a congenial group of fellow students, for the purpose of promoting wholesome friendship and proper social functions.

In addition, the organizations provide for wide participation of students in numerous extra-curricular activities.

### A Broad Curriculum

Because the Church draws its leadership from all of the walks of life, the Church University offers a great diversity of courses from which the student may choose. The departments of instruction have been organized by the Board of Trustees into five Colleges as follows:

**The College of Applied Science.** Includes the departments of agronomy, animal husbandry, horticulture, home economics, mechanic arts, drawing.



PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

President of the Board of Trustees, under whose guidance the work of the University is carried forward.

**The College of Arts and Sciences.** Includes the departments of botany, chemistry, English, geology and geography, history, mathematics, modern and classical languages, physical education, physics, political science, psychology, sociology, zoology and entomology.

**The College of Commerce.** Includes the departments of finance and banking, accounting and business administration, economics, political science.

**The College of Education.** Includes the departments of elementary teaching, philosophy of education, education administration, psychology, and secondary teaching.

**The College of Fine Arts.** Includes the departments of art, speech, vocal and instrumental music.

**The Graduate School.** Grants the degrees of Master of Arts and Master of Science.

You can get what you want at the "Y"

[Continued from page 599]

through speaking: "where did you rain from?"

"Just from Denver, son," Franklin Lawler replied. "Following your telegram to see that you got a square deal, but mainly to see you ride."

"Talk's cheap," Breezy cut in. "Put up or keep still."

"Say, son," Lawler replied, "you're a bit hasty, I'd say. Now I don't bet on riders, but I do believe in the boy and I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll pick the worst horse in the remuda here and if the kid don't stick him longer than you do, I'll give you a nice new saddle and bridle and one hundred dollars for spending money. Now how does that sound?"

"Okay to me," Breezy said, grinning. "The kid has drawn the worst hawse here. Suppose we rides him?"

"All right," Franklin Lawler replied. "We'll see you at the rodeo."

"S'long," Breezy turned away. "Dad," Fay remonstrated as soon as they were out of hearing of the cowboys: "you talked like a tenderfoot; I'm soft and that fellow's the champion buckaroo of this neck of the woods."

"I know, but these Colorado cowboys ain't goin' to come it high and mighty over me." He stopped and placed both hands on Fay's shoulders facing him. "I'm backin' you, son, win or lose—always."

"And I'm doin' my best—win or lose," Fay answered, his voice somehow husky.

"Backin' each other—win or lose—then we can't lose!" Franklin Lawler replied, and Fay knew that to his Dad the moment was somehow worth the new saddle and the hundred dollars.

FAY LAWLER thrilled that afternoon as he climbed over the arena fence fifteen minutes before the professional bucking contest was to begin. The grandstands were packed to capacity; the sun was brilliant overhead; the decorations and costumes of the participants all made the occasion telling.

The fact that he knew his father was somewhere in the crowd that was already beginning to cheer occasionally as some Indian or cowboy rode by, added to Fay's emo-

tion. He was glad to have Franklin Lawler there, somehow. He knew he was pitted against a first class rider and he also knew that they had an unusually vicious horse to ride.

Red Beelzebub was a lean sorrel weighing eleven hundred and fifty pounds with a trail of victories behind him that covered seven counties in Wyoming and several in Idaho.

It had been decided that Breezy should make his ride the first thing in order that he might take his regular turn in the contest riding later.

Had the contest occurred before



"Well, if it ain't the hard-hatted sky-pilot!" he exclaimed.

he began upon his mission Fay would not have felt so nervous about it. Two years of soft living, the constant associate of a white collar he feared might have taken away his wire-edge and sense of balance.

As he neared the group of judges and officials who sat idly on their horses waiting for the starting gun, Fay could hear a low rumble of laughter.

"Hello," called the secretary as he approached; "Ready to make the ride?"

"Yeah, but I need to find an outfit first. Any of you fellows let me use yours?"

"Ride in what you have on," the secretary answered. "You'd make a great show in that hard hat on Beelzebub; it'd give the crowd a new thrill. What do you say?"

"It's all right with me," Fay answered. "It isn't the hat that makes the ride, you know."

At the conclusion of the parade of officials, Indians and

participants, Beelzebub was saddled. He was to be the first horse out with Breezy Lyons topping him. Since Fay and Breezy had arranged to ride the same horse, the judges had decided that it would be better to have Breezy make his ride at the beginning of the program and Fay at its conclusion in order to give Beelzebub time to rest in between his battles—not that anybody believed that Beelzebub needed any rest particularly.

"Breezy Lyons on Red Beelzebub!" the announcer was shouting through his megaphone as Fay approached the saddling chutes. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is not a regular contest ride. It is a private war between one, Breezy Lyons, and another, Fay Lawler, to settle an old score. It is what has been called a grudge contest. If Breezy Lyons, last year's champion, rides the hawse eight jumps, if his competitor, the said Fay Lawler, when it comes his turn, can't stay that many jumps, then Breezy Lyons receives a new saddle and bridle worth a hundred bones and a hundred skeckles in addition in good, hard silver!"

Bursts of applause greeted the announcement. Breezy Lyons was the idol of the grandstands.

"Now," continued the sonorous voice of the announcer, "let me interduce the hawse. Red Beelzebub hyar, is a hawse from Powder River. He weighs eleven hundred and forty-seven pounds; is sorrel in color, and has the temper of a soreheaded bear. He has never been rode in his life. He has bucked off more cowboys than it'd take to run a Texas ranch. Most of 'em had hospital bills chalked up agin 'em.

"These two men, Breezy Lyons and Fay Lawler, are to ride the hawse accordin' to association rules—one hand on the rein—and they must come from the chute with their spurs set well up in the hawse's shoulders—Breezy Lyons 'ill ride later in the professional bucking contest—provided Red Beelzebub don't git 'im."

BREEZY LYONS, from his perch on top of the chute where he had been watching the saddling of his mount, grinned good-naturedly down at Fay.

"Old man," he said, "we're ready. I'm goin' a ride this hawse



and then I'm goin' stick around and watch yu eat dirt, when it comes yuh'r turn."

"Okay," Fay responded. "You better git a hand hold of his mane, cowboy."

Breezy sank carefully into his saddle, took up his riding rein, tested his stirrups, and removed his hat, holding it high in his left hand.

"Open the gate," he commanded.

Helpers turned back the gates. Breezy batted the rangy sorrel over the ears with his hat.

Red Beelzebub, like a flash of red lightning, leaped sidewise. Then turned toward the grandstand, he stuck his head down and began to buck. Fay looked on, eyes wide with admiration, as Breezy swung free and easy in the saddle.

"One—two—three—" Fay counted out loud as the horse pitched.

Beelzebub went up high in the air and arching his back came down, his four legs stiff and rigid.

"Four—" Beelzebub shot sidewise and came down with knees and hawks wobbling.

"Five—" With a vicious roar, Red Beelzebub shot high in the air, turned with only his rear feet on the ground, but like a flash of lightning, and made out as if he were intending to come down upon his side, righted himself and unfished to the other side. Fay saw daylight under Breezy's leg and knew the cowboy was loosened. Breezy, however, still spurred freely. Fay saw the cowboy's lips tighten as he rolled his dull spurs over Beelzebub's flanks.

Fay could not restrain a cheer. Breezy's courage was magnificent, but Fay's experienced eyes told him that the cowboy was in difficulty. He was out of time and balance.

GATHERING his four legs under him, Red Beelzebub, seeming to sense his advantage, shot skyward once more, this time with a twist that entirely unseated his rider. Breezy shot through the air and came to the ground with a sickening thud against a post. Beelzebub, now released, bucked away to be unsaddled by the pickup men.

Fay was the first to reach his competitor's side. Breezy lay where he fell, arms outspread. He was dead to the world.

At a signal from Fay, the ambulance roared in through the gate of the arena which eager hands had opened and within a minute, Breezy Lyons, still unconscious, was on his way to the hospital.

"Red Beelzebub won again," the announcer sang out. "That was one of our best riders, but the show must go on! Red Beelzebub will be rode agin this afternoon by Fay Lawler!"

Events followed each other in quick succession despite the accident. Fine ride followed fine ride, as Fay Lawler awaited his turn. He had no idea of giving up the contest though friendly cowboys had advised him to do so. He would not for the world have postponed or abandoned his part of the battle. That Breezy would not be present to see his ride made not a bit of difference to him; he, himself, would know, and somehow, Fay felt that he was making the ride partly to prove to himself that he was no tenderfoot.

THE sun was nearly down when the last steer was bulldogged and the last calf was roped. Behind the prison bars of the coral Red Beelzebub, nervous, wild-eyed, vicious, waited. Fay Lawler, wearing his derby hat and his dark suit, stood calmly by watching his helpers put his mount in the chutes.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," the announcer sang out hoarsely, "here's the greatest event of the day—Fay Lawler, Mormon sky-pilot is coming out on Red Beelzebub. Young Lawler has been fightin' the Devil all through Colorado for two years—now he is goin' to ride 'im and fight 'im here in this arena. Yu all know that Red Beelzebub, two hours ago, sent Breezy Lyons, champeen

buckaroo to the hospital forcing 'im out of the remainder of the contests. Breezy is comin' along fine, but he won't ride today, tomorrow, ner the next day.

"Lawler must ride this hawse accordin' to the association rules—eight jumps. He must ride clean and not cheat the hawse none.

"And now, the greatest event of the day—Fay Lawler, of Utah, on Red Beelzebub!"

Fay climbed the chute and waited. When the latigo was fastened and the flank rope had been adjusted, he reached down and tried the saddle.

"Don't want any rocking chair," he said grinning. "I want old Beelzebub to have to do all the rocking."

HE settled down into his saddle and took up his rein. He grinned at the picture he knew he must present to the rodeo audience—a derbied sky-pilot on a broncho!

The gates were opened and for the second time that day Red Beelzebub flashed into the arena. Though Fay was busy, to his ears came the roar of the excited thousands. He knew that out there somewhere his father waited tense and eager, but unafraid.

The feel of the wiry horse between his knees thrilled Fay. His two years of missionary life for the moment faded, and once more he was the range-mad buckaroo. He had been trembling from the excitement, but suddenly he felt calm and confident.

He set his spurs high in his mount's shoulders, and emitted the "Yip, yip," of the Ute Indian.

"One!" he shouted, as Red Beelzebub came down from his first sky-flight with all four feet within a circle the size of a bushel basket.

Red Beelzebub went up into the air again. This time he rolled as he lit, and Fay knew just how Breezy had lost out. Undaunted he shouted again:

"Two!"

Fay was determined to do as Breezy had done—ride free and easy, giving the horse every advantage that was coming to him. It would be of no use to win, if his ride were not fine.

Then followed hard, vicious jumps in such quick succession and with such fury that Fay felt himself loosening and losing bal-

[Continued on page 631]



# Embers

By

ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

*Illustrated by  
Paul S. Clowes*

WHEN Hank Davidson (I should have said Dr. Henry J. Davidson) accepted our invitation to be guest of honor at our Jubilee Homecoming, it is small wonder that there might be a fitting place it isn't every small town that can boast of a world-famed son. The original plans were all changed to center around Hank, Mayor Tyson even going to the expense and trouble of redecorating and furnishing his home that there might be a fitting place for the entertainment of such a guest. Naturally everyone began talking of Hank, and wondering how Tess Kimbar would feel.

On Kirk's corner Nate Folland told over and over how he and Hank used to sit together in the little stone schoolhouse on the knoll and quarrel over who should sharpen Tess Dunkley's pencils. Nate boasted that Hank studied from his books because he couldn't afford to buy any for himself. Old man Jarvis was inordinately proud that it had been his sheep Hank had herded for the money that first took him away to school.

THERE were many stories, too, of his early genius. There was the electric toaster and bread-raiser he had made for his Aunt Hester, and the contraption



*By the time Hank had saved enough money to go away to an electrical engineering school, they were engaged*



that would light a fire in the kitchen when the alarm-clock in the bed-room got around to six in the morning.

But in general, the gossip turned to the courtship of Hank and Tess twenty years ago and to the difference in fortune that had come to them.

"Wouldn't Tess have loved the wealth and fame that has come to Hank?" "And to think she had thrown herself away, deliberately, on that good-for-nothing Tom Kimbar — well-nigh breaking Hank's heart."

From the time she did up her hair and began going to the "big dances," Tess had been the most popular girl in Norton. It wasn't alone the home boys who were captivated by her flashing, black eyes and exuberance of spirit to the extent that they quarreled over who should carry her books and sharpen her pencils, and later over who should take her to the Christmas cantatas and Junior Proms. Every new man who came to town for a short or long stay likewise fell under her charm.

It had soon become quite taken for granted, however, that she was Hank's girl. Whenever Hank was in from the herd the rest of us kept our places, and the village gossips philosophized over the possible outcome of a match between staid, studious Hank, and pretty, effervescent Tess.

By the time Hank had saved enough money to go away to an electrical engineering school, they were engaged, and we all thought Tess would go East with him. But the old saying: "There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip," proved veritably true with Hank and Tess.

Two weeks before Hank's school opened, while he was putting in his last week at Jarvis' sheep herd and Tess was busy with her trousseau, handsome, witty Tom Kimbar blew into Norton with a theatrical company. He carried on a whirlwind flirtation with Tess in the dance which followed the first performance of his company, and before the week was up the two eloped—the night be-

fore Hank was expected home.

Norton was so incensed over the affair that we should have liked to tar-and-feather Tom and Tess and to give poor old Hank some kind of consolation prize. He was completely broken up over the affair, and when he left for school we felt



"Be—good—to your mother!" was all he said

he was not likely ever to come back.

Well, what Norton was unable to do in the way of punishments and rewards, Fate, or whatever it is that hands out varying fortunes to people, attended to in a more thorough way than any of us could have hoped to do.

WITHIN a year Tom Kimbar lost his right leg and part of one hand in an automobile accident and was never able to go on the stage again. Six years after her elopement, Tess came back to her grandfather's home with two little girls and a baby boy—a faded, careworn, deserted wife—all the joy gone from her black eyes.

As for Hank, he shot to fame like a sky-rocket. After his graduation, scholarships and assistantships were showered upon him. He went to Europe and took out

his Ph. D. When he came back he was made honorary member of a half dozen of the biggest scientific societies in the world. He has given papers at big conferences and has written monographs and books that rank with the best in his line. Incidentally he has become wealthy, and his wife is the daughter of one of his major professors. They have one home in New Jersey near the research laboratories with which he is connected, and another in the South.

When the big day for our Homecoming celebration arrived (as I said before), everything centered around Hank. There were flags—and the town band—and a big sign "WELCOME" stretched across Main Street. All Norton, except Tess Kimbar, were at the station when Hank's train pulled in and joined in the cheer when he appeared. We saw in a minute that all his fame and money hadn't changed him. He tried to shake hands with everybody and seemed as tickled as a kid on Christmas morning at being back. It was his aristocratic looking wife that made us remember how great Hank really was. She tried to be polite and gracious, but it was easy to see that all we were doing was "small town stuff" to her and that she was tired and bored.

THE whole day went over even better than we had hoped, and Hank seemed to enjoy every minute. The general meeting was perhaps the best part of the whole program. Mayor Tyson was at his best in the speech of welcome, and his tribute to Hank made all our heads swell to think we had been born in the same town with him. And Hank's speech—well, it wasn't at all what we had expected, something fine and flowery that maybe we wouldn't understand. Old Hank just stood up there and talked and joked and cried with us about dear old Norton and the things he remembered, in a way that showed us that in spite of what he was to the world he was still our Hank.

After the meeting there was the banquet with toasts and music and informal chatting, followed by

sports in the afternoon and a grand display of fireworks in the evening.

WE had planned a trip for the next day through the county to show Hank the new beet-slicer, and sugar factory, and the art gallery over in Granger, and the scenic loop up through Pheasant Canyon. But he said he would have to leave on the twenty train the next morning so we had to give it up.

"I should like to go around to a few places, though," he said, "if Jim here has time to take me in the morning." There was a kind of youthful wistfulness in his eyes. "Out to the old swimming-hole, you know, and the race-track—a few places like that."

"I'll call for you at eight," I told him and went home thinking what a success the day had been.

The next morning when I drove up to Tyson's, Hank was waiting for me on the porch. I was relieved when I saw that his wife was not going. He said she was so tired after yesterday's activities that he hadn't asked her to go.

"Let's drive out on the Glenn Falls road and take a look at the old swimming-hole," was Hank's first suggestion. As we drove, we visited. That is, Hank asked questions and I answered them.

HE wanted to know about the Bannock boys and their venture in dry-farming over on the other side of the county. He asked about Fred Jeeves and I told him of the new churn Fred had invented, and of the partnership he had gone into with Nate Foland.

I kept wishing he would talk about himself and the big things he was doing, but he seemed hungry to hear all about the old town.

At the swimming-hole we got out and made our way through the willows. Hank laughed like a kid over the time Lem Bannock sneezed just as he dove and got his mouth and nose so full of water he couldn't get his breath and he thought sure he was going to drown, and it made him so mad when we laughed that he wanted to fight us all.

From the swimming-hole we went out to the race-track where

we had spent many exciting hours on holidays and late afternoons.

Next we drove to the new dipping plant Mr. Jarvis had just put up. And all the while I was answering questions. Hank seemed that eager for news that I was reminded of poor Nolan in "The Man Without a Country."

Finally he wanted to go to the old school house on the Knoll. It is nothing but a ruin now, all the windows broken and part of the wall fallen in.

HANK got out and walked around the old building. I saw him standing under the bent oak where we used to play marbles, and looking down the slope of the knoll to the level spot that used to be our baseball diamond.

When he came back to the car, there was a sort of huskiness in his voice and he was blowing his nose. Presently he asked quite abruptly:

"Tess — Tess Dunkley, you know—does she ever come back?"

Strange, I hadn't thought of Tess all morning.

"Why she's here now. Lives at her grandfather's old place." Then I told him briefly of her life; of Tom's accident; and his worthlessness and his desertion. Of the children, particularly of handsome, manly little Dave who did chores for Mayor Tyson to try to help his mother and sisters.

All at once, Hank took his watch from his pocket and said:

"There's still a half hour before my train. I want to go to the old Dunkley place."

THEN he commenced talking about himself, his work, and the opportunities in his line for young men of ambition. I had been wanting to hear about the things he was doing, but now I couldn't pay attention for wondering about his meeting with Tess.

I had prepared him a little for her changed appearance, but as we turned a corner by the run-down old home and caught sight of her carrying two pails of water from the well, I know Hank received a distinct shock.

AS I stopped the car, Tess turned and looked at us. When she saw that we were get-

ting out, she set down her buckets. I tried to pretend that I was examining the engine, but I was as curious as a woman and kept watching from one corner of my eye.

When Tess saw Hank coming toward her, and recognized him, her face went first a deathly white, then a painful red.

"How are you, Tess?" Hank's voice didn't sound natural. He held out his hand. After a moment's hesitancy she put hers into it, but she did not look at him. Her eyes were upon the ground—or the shabby shoes beneath her dragged skirt.

After a pause, Hank spoke again. "I couldn't go back without seeing you, Tess. I—hope you are well—and—happy—and that —"

A stifled sob broke through her tightly closed lips, and like a flash she jerked her hand from his and fled up the weed-grown path.

FOR a moment Hank stood still, looking after her. Then he turned and came slowly back. His head was bowed and he almost collided at the gate with Tess' fourteen-year-old Dave of whom I had been telling him. Dave was barefoot, and wore a tattered cap, but he was whistling a merry little tune and his dark eyes—Tess' eyes—were looking out with joyous expectancy upon the world. The two stopped, each looking the other squarely in the face.

"Excuse me, sir." The boy lifted his cap and would have passed on through the gate.

Impulsively Hank bent down and put his arm about the lad's shoulders.

"Be—good—to your mother!" was all he said.

HE came and got into the car and we started back to the mayor's in a silence that was broken but once. I felt that it would be intruding upon something entirely personal and sacred to say a word just then. The look in Hank's eyes somehow reminded me of soft, bright embers of a fire that has almost burned out, and then is suddenly revived in a final glow of warmth.

He did not speak until we came

[Continued on page 630]



# Open Windows

By BLANCHE STOCKDALE BURR

*Illustrated by  
Fielding K. Smith*

DONALD CURRY stood before the lighted bookstore window eyeing longingly the set of volumes therein, at the same time speculatively fingering the crinkly ten dollar bill and the two rough silver dollars that lay in his pocket. The ten dollars would exactly buy the books which he as a young medical student needed in order to begin his second semester at school. It seemed such a simple matter to rush into the store and buy them, but several things deterred him. In the first place he was hungry and without shelter

and the twelve dollars he so lovingly fingered was all in the world that stood between himself and starvation — and in the second place, ten of it was tithing money.

He had saved the greenback as a tenth of the salary received from his part-time work of ushering in a theatre, expecting to pay it to the mission president at the end of the month. The new books he had planned to buy with his next month's salary, but a week ago he had received notice that his services were no longer needed at the theatre.

FOR a week he had spent all his spare time searching for employment, but to learn that thousands like himself were out of work and his chances were especially slim when the greater part of his time was taken up studying to become a young doctor.

It was out of the question to appeal to his parents at this time for they had a large family, were not well-to-do and had already sent him the small monthly pittance they were able to afford.

He had given up his room that morning, not having had money to pay for it another week and with night approaching he was beginning to feel the need of shelter. The two dollars would get him food and lodgings for a day or two perhaps; but he must get work immediately in order to exist, and how could he when there was none to be had? If he left school he might eventually get something to do, but even the thought of leaving hurt him as the pulling out of a deep-seated growth, that had gained foothold in every portion of his body, would hurt him. It meant the uprooting of the dream of his life-time. It meant that twenty years from now he would not be the successful surgeon of his ideals with great powers for serving humanity but—a non-entity—a movie usher maybe, or a waiter in a restaurant.

But he couldn't go on with



school unless he had the books. Which should he do? Stop school altogether and use the twelve dollars toward seeking employment, buy the books—or pay his tithing?

ANY of the fellows at college—or the instructors either, worldly wise as they were, would tell him that the least practical course would be to pay his tithes. But somehow a voice from the past reawakened in his memory—a beloved voice, that of the old bishop of his childhood, talking in Sunday School.

"If you pay your tithing the Lord will open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it," the calm, deep tones that he knew so well seemed to say.

Pressing his money tightly he turned his back resolutely on the books and walked to the mission headquarters. The president was not at home but Donald left his precious ten dollars there.

A FEW moments later he found himself again before the bookstore window feeling rather dizzy at the thought of his recklessness—with only two dollars between himself and starvation, wondering where he would sleep that night and what he would do

*"What's the idea of throwing away your year's work?"*



*F. K. Smith*

next. But he did not feel discouraged now, for there was within his soul the wonderful thought that in the midst of difficulty he had given his all to his Savior. He was filled with faith and happiness and peace and the courage to go on. Never before had his Heavenly Father seemed so near. Raising worshipful eyes to the blue-black skies he silently thanked the Almighty for that moment of exquisite joy. Truly he had already been given blessings greater than any material ones could be.

Above the book-store, which was located on the ground floor of a student apartment house, a window opened, and from it he was showered—not with blessings, but with an avalanche of waste paper. He grasped at one of the fluttering sheets and found it to be a bit of medical thesis with the name of James Jackson, one of his fellow students, attached. Looking up at the window he saw Jim Jackson's freckled face peering down on him.

"What's the idea of throwing away your year's work?" Donald shouted up to him.

"I'm through," said the red-haired youth at the window. "Come on up and I'll tell you about it."

said, thinking to himself that were he in Jim's shoes it would take more than the inheritance of a Texas ranch to turn him away from the alluring study he had chosen.

"I leave for the west tonight," Jim said. "Know anyone who would like this apartment?"

"I'd LIKE it well enough myself," Donald said ruefully. "Need it badly, in fact. How much does it cost?"

"Hasn't cost me a cent of money. I've earned it and my board besides."

"How?" Don quickly asked.

"By the most menial sort of toil—that of tending furnaces and superintending the janitor work of the whole apartment in between school hours. Promised my boss that before I left I'd get some student to take it over. Will you?"

"Will I?" Donald could not have been more elated had he been left a fortune himself.

"Need any books?" Jim asked, turning to the book-cases he had made. "I'll sell you anything you want dirt cheap."

"How much will you take for

these?" Donald pointed to a set of books like those he had seen in the bookstore window.

"Paid ten bucks for 'em, but you can have 'em for two."

There was the clink of silver as Donald handed over his last two dollars to Jim Jackson.

AFTER Jim left for Texas that night Donald was alone in the little apartment that was to be his for the year, trying to overcome his feeling of walking on air by making a mental check-up of his retrieved fortunes. He had his necessary books and was now assured food and shelter. That, together with the small monthly sum sent by his parents would tide him over for the year.

It was time to stoke the furnaces below but he paused by the open window a moment before going down to them. The sky was still blue-black, save for the rifts of light made by the stars. Impulsively he fell on his knees before the open casement and poured out his soul in prayer.

Truly the windows of heaven had opened up and had showered him with blessings.

## Are Heaven's Windows Open

DONALD cleared the apartment house steps three at a time and a moment later he was sitting in Jim's tiny room regarding its clean white curtains, its tables filled with human bones and its home-made book-cases well-stocked, wondering if he himself would ever feel the security of such a room.

Jim Jackson began an enthusiastic account of his good fortune.

"My uncle in Texas died and left me a three thousand acre ranch stocked with several thousand head of cattle all ready to ship to Kansas City. Of course, with prices so low they aren't going to bring what they should, but whatever they DO bring will be clear velvet for me. And with all that acreage and the young stock coming on I'll be fixed for life—provided these confounded hard times ever get over with. Just think, Don—no more living in abject poverty from hand to mouth. No starvation period while I work up a practice. I'm off medicine for good."

"Congratulations," Donald

YEARS ago a young "Mormon" labored as a missionary in one of Germany's important cities. The branch was composed of eight families. Of these six were desperately poor, for work was scarce and even when it could be found their earning capacity was very limited. The other two families were in much better financial condition. The husbands were skilled artisans, regularly employed at comparatively good salaries.

All these families had a strong desire to come to Utah and the two who had regular incomes were saving what they could for that purpose. The others could save nothing. They were fortunate and happy if they had enough food to still the pangs of hunger.

In listening to the hopes of his little flock to "gather to Zion," the missionary concluded the two families might make it in time, but for the others he could see no possible chance.

However, in his inexperience he neglected to take one vital thing into consideration. The poor Saints were without exception exact tithe-payers, while the other two neglected this law. They paid a little occasionally, but were so absorbed in increasing their emigration fund that their tithing fell far short of what it should be.

Ten years later this same missionary visited his former field of labor. The six poor families were all gone—having emigrated to Utah; the two well-to-do families were still struggling to save enough to buy their tickets, but seemingly no nearer their goal than they were when he labored among them.

Two grandsons from one of the poorest of the families who emigrated have recently filled splendid missions in the land of their forefathers, at a cost of not less than \$70 per month. To all human appearance their grandparents could not have raised \$70 in a lifetime.



# Glancing Through

## Brief Summaries of Magazine Articles\*

By  
ELSIE T. BRANDLEY

### Setting Fires for Profit

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOT  
(*World's Work*, for July, 1931)

THERE was a time when setting fire to things was usually the idea of an unbalanced mind, or done in a fit of fury or revenge, but the introduction and spread of organized financial adjustment has given to arson a new aspect. Because it has possibilities of profit, it has become a business. In the United States it is a business easily conducted, for fires are so common as to arouse little question or suspicion. In this country about a thousand dollars a minute go up in smoke, year after year. Annually fire destroys property equal to half the interest paid on the \$28,000,000,000 on savings deposit in the banks of the country, and to this cost must be added that of business losses, wages, profits, etc. According to population, the United States fire cost is seven times that of Great Britain and forty times that of Holland—and much, if not most of it, is preventable.

The percentage of arson fires cannot be known, but it is known that, due to their purpose, these fires are more destructive than others. The fact that they exist is proven by the general fire statistics. During the four war years (1916 to 1919 inc.) there was an extensive demand for American products, and the burning of American property was at low ebb. In 1920, when business fell off, fire loss jumped 30%. In 1924, with large stocks of goods on hand, slow transportation and falling prices, there was another rapid rise in fire losses.

There is a definite relationship between these losses and business failures, the American business man of low ethical standard often choosing fire or bankruptcy as his way out. It is a most serious moral hazard and the actual destruction of property is, perhaps, not so great a damage as the discredit it places upon business, and the suspicion it casts upon innocent people.

Arson really begins in a business office where careless executives sit and do nothing about the accumulating rubbish in their plant, and the fact

that employees are smoking in dangerous places. The next step is the business depression which follows such careless methods; the next, starting the fire to collect the insurance.

Burning one's own factory or shop is a primitive form of arson, and one attended with danger of destruction. The next stage is more crafty—hiring one's employees to set the fire. The third type is the paying of professional incendiary—a man usually proud of his skill, and willing to boast about it. In this professional field of arson there is regular organization—the solicitor who finds clients who are urged to take out more insurance; the "torch" who sets the fire; and the adjuster who makes contacts with the insurance company to get all the insurance possible. The insurance agent himself, while often an innocent party, may in some instances be a part of the arson ring.

The last kind of arson is that in which a man buys properties in widely separated localities, and through mortgage manipulations he is able to keep his name out of the transactions. His property in different places burns, and he gets the insurance, indirectly, but nothing conclusive is provable against him.

The law has not yet caught up with the business of arson, for the law is of necessity slow, and it must be sure. Arson is unfair, for it places the hardship of increased insurance rates upon the careful and honest as well as the others, and the careful and honest share no profits.

Arson is a dehumanized practise—cold-blooded, cold-hearted, inexcusable. America cannot stand the waste it entails, and yet America tolerates it. Only the people themselves can prevent fires, and when they decide that fires will not be permitted, then there will be an end to fires.

### Europeans Who Defame America

By GUSTAVE MYERS

(*Current History* for June, 1931)

THE awarding of the Nobel prize for literature to Sinclair Lewis has called forth many questions as to the fairness of regarding a backward group of a country as typical of the



entire nation. Europeans appear to be so delighted with the award that it is safe to assume that they consider "Main Street" and "Babbitt" true portrayals of American life. European men of letters, through the newspapers, have declared that Lewis has explained America to Europe. Bernard Shaw said, "Mr. Sinclair Lewis has knocked Washington off his pedestal and substituted Babbitt."

Europe is accustomed to adverse criticism of America, and likes it. Authors and lecturers have denounced America as being pitilessly commercial, and a nation of nobodies; as drifting into standardized mental habits; as being nationally vain. Only one or two Europeans, like Andre Maurois, have found anything praiseworthy in the land. He found here what he termed "a condition of great moral and political health," and he is practically alone in his favorable opinion. The rest of the critic-herd, probably considering themselves original, do not seem to know that adverse criticism and comment on the country dates back 265 years. From the days of the Puritans, through each succeeding generation, America has been ridiculed and disparaged by contemporary foreigners. Books written in this vein are quoted for many years as authoritative and additional reviling and derogations are welcomed with effusion. In 1819, Henry B. Pearson's "Sketches of America" dared to praise in some ways, and the man who wrote it was described as a renegade Englishman, and evidently one of limited faculties. By the time Dickens visited America, every one of his scathing comments had been made previously. During the Civil War a slight change was noted—the contemptibly being directed toward the North alone, while the South seemed to call forth foreign sympathy and understanding.

Among the interesting observations made in the last century is that of Sir

\*By permission of publishers.

Sepal Henry Griffin's to the effect that democracy had placed power in the hands of the lowest and basest of people, and that wealth, not caste, held mastery. George Augustus Sala, in 1882, made amazing revelations in his "Railway Kings," "Silver Kings," "Corn Kings," "Pork Packing Kings," and others. In 1884 Matthew Arnold wrote that the danger of American democracy was in the absence of a "discipline of respect," in hardness and materialism, exaggeration and boastfulness, in a false smartness, a false audacity, a want of soul and delicacy. Henry James, really an American himself, became a voluntary expatriot and after twenty-five years of absence, told in his book "The American Scene" of the "huge rattle of gold," and how, in America, money was the shortcut to the highest aspirations, and manners were but the expression of a money income.

These are but a few of many in the long procession, but the effect of their persistency and volume can be detected in the writings of some American authors.

### Why Don't Your Young Men Care?

By HAROLD J. LASKI

(*Harper's for July, 1931*)

IN European universities politics is, to judge by the interest manifested by students, the major non-academic activity. They seem to feel that a university man has a civic obligation to political affairs—as proven by the great interest in the volcanic governmental affairs of Russia and Spain.

The contrast in this respect in America is startling, students seemingly being non-political creatures, caring little for affairs, and feeling no responsibility concerning them. American politics are to the average student like a distant planet, and politicians, apparently, some inferior species of the human race. The average student assumes that graft and corruption are inevitable, and therefore a political career is undesirable for a decent man. Any sense of his own part in citizenship is vague, if it exists at all. And yet there is no absence of knowledge among students, for they discuss politics and statesmen with amazing insight and information. In spite of this condition, they seem to consider it hopeless to concern themselves personally. In schools, politics is a subject extensively studied, but in the abstract, and not as in which students might be taking a vitally active part.

What are the reasons for this indifference?

One is, of course, that politics have not the same importance here in America as they have in Europe in shaping national life. Another is that politics seem to be a business, and since other

businesses have more to offer, too much time cannot be wasted upon the business of government and its controls, for few choose to go into the business of politics. Rewards are too slow, chances of success too small and experiences too heart-breaking. Also, a politician must confine himself pretty largely to one geographical location, or his political career will come to a speedy end. There is, too, the strongly-rooted idea that self-respecting men do not go into politics. To the mind of the American young man, a politician is a man who can be bought for a price. There is no tradition of aristocratic intervention in politics, in which families are represented in government for several generations. The American dynasties are in finance, not government, and it is as natural for sons in America to go into Wall Street as for them, in England, to go into the House of Commons.

In Europe, students discuss politics as though they were actors on a stage; in America as though they were the audience at a play. There is a sense of remoteness, with no philosophy of action, and while they are concerned with the idealism of their country, they care little about discovering their own responsibility in maintaining it. The tradition of a frontier civilization lingers, in which a boy believes that

anyone can turn his hand to politics when he can do nothing else. It does not occur to him that it is a profession which requires training. He looks upon the political adventure with aloof cynicism, knowing that leadership is necessary, yet feeling no obligation to fit himself to lead. Government is for him a thing outside his real life, and one about which he has a right to be critical. Admitting the need of change, he objects to paying the price of change.

American young men have a sense of helplessness in the face of the whole problem. And before politics can be made really fine there must be, among the youth of the nation, the will to make it fine, coupled with the faith that it can be done. No people can live without faith in their institutions, and that faith should be active. Disraeli said, "The youth of a nation are the trustees of prosperity," but they must learn to exercise the things vital to their trusteeship.

When a young man can be made to understand that the statesmen who shape the contours of national public life build the conditions upon which depend the progress of science and scholarship, he will begin to bend his energies to the service of statesmanship—and then America will have no need to fear for the future.

## Over The Top

(Continued from page 592)

among the chairs and benches, but what did that matter? The play went on. There were some slips and then snickers, and the curtains waved a bit, but just the same on went the characters and they did their best. They were in earnest—they were playing a part—they had an audience. When it was all over, they felt they had participated and achieved—the overcoming of obstacles had flavored the experience.

And can you believe we actually have a ward in our Church where every eligible person, young and old, in the ward, participated in M. I. A. activities? I can almost feel sorry for the children and incapacitated who remain at home.

IT is true that we are full of hidden forces. In a crisis we discover powers in ourselves, powers that have lain dormant, secret reserves of ability, only waiting occasion to leap forth.

"We can tell just what strain a bar of iron will bear, just what weight a locomotive will pull and just how much liquid a glass vessel

will hold; but we cannot tell how many responsibilities a man can carry without stumbling, nor how much grief a woman's heart can suffer without breaking." The one thing nobody knows is what he can do until he tries. Defeat only rouses in us a dogged strength to try again. If we will try, we will win.

Let us be grateful for this great spirit of mass participation. It is touching hearts, saving souls and even making delightful contacts and matrimonial matches within our own Church. Visualize an army of people recruited from the actual participants of last year, that would fill our great Tabernacle three times full and over, marching along the road of culture to the land of achievement, their hearts throbbing, eyes shining, their souls thrilling with joy at belonging to an organization that fosters mass participation and friendly contests. Come, let us set the mark at 50,000 participants for the coming year. "Check and double check" for it can be done. Let us go over the top.



# FOODS for HEALTH

By ADAH R. NAYLOR

## Frozen Desserts and Cooling Drinks

**D**AVID HARUM, when a small boy, dreamed of being baked in a custard pie and then eating his way out. His family was so very, very poor that of course he was hungry much of the time, but most children dream of eating all they want of certain foods. There are so many "don'ts" and "you can't have that" and "you mustn't eat this" in childhood—some of them quite unnecessary. It is natural for the child's interest to be centered in his stomach, and one of the favorite dreams of a mystical lands where the mountains are made of ice cream.

Frozen dessert is a dish relished by old and young alike, and if homemade, there is no reason why it shouldn't be served daily during the hot weather. Eaten slowly, so as not to chill the stomach unduly, and taken with other light foods it is both refreshing and easy of digestion. Then, too, "frozen goodies" can be made to conceal milk, eggs and fruits, foods that children sometimes dislike to eat when served in the usual way.

Mechanical refrigeration has made the preparation of frozen food an easy task—but cans or moulds packed in salt and ice, while more work, give excellent results. The old fashioned ice cream freezer is still in demand, as ice cream in order to be smooth and velvety must be *turned*. After the freezing has been accomplished the cream can be transferred from the freezer to the trays in the mechanical ice box, where it will remain in good condition for some time.

### Methods of Making Ice Cream

**V**ARIETY in ice cream is produced mainly by varying the flavors—but there are two methods of making it—one is cooking eggs, sugar and milk together into a custard, cooling and freezing—the other method is more simple, merely mixing cream, sugar and flavoring together and freezing. The texture of the latter is white and snowy, and it lacks the richness and body of the custard cream. When fruits are added they should be mashed or chopped fine, sweetened and stirred into the ice cream when it is partly frozen.



### Macaroon Ice Cream

- 4 eggs
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar
- Small pinch salt
- 1 quart rich milk
- 1 cup crushed macaroons
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Heat the macaroons in the oven until they are a bright brown—cool and crush into small bits.

Put the milk in double boiler and beat. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add sugar and heat again; stir in 1 tablespoon of cold water and add the stiffly beaten whites. Pour this mixture into the hot milk, and cook, stirring constantly until a knife blade dipped into it will be slightly coated without running. Put aside to cool, then freeze. When it is partly frozen stir in the cup of crushed macaroons. If richness is desired a cup of whipped cream may be stirred in with the macaroons.

### Orange Ice Cream

Stir one pint of orange juice slowly into one pint of medium cream. Add enough sugar to sweeten and freeze.

### Water Ices and Sherbets

**W**ATER Ices and Sherbets are not as nourishing as ice creams as they are composed mainly of water, sugar and fruit juices, but they are cooling and refreshing in hot weather.

#### Method of Making

Any of the fruit juices may be used (currant, cherry, pineapple, orange, grape or any of the berries) but with the milder flavors a little lemon juice helps the taste.

Add 1 cup of sugar to 2 cups of juice and cook until sugar is dissolved. Soak

2 teaspoons of gelatin in 1 tablespoon of cold water and add to the hot juice; stir until dissolved. Let cool, then freeze. When frozen remove lid of container, scrape down sides, stir until smooth, then add the beaten white of 1 egg with 1 teaspoon of powdered sugar beaten with it. Cover, repack and allow it to stand 2 hours to ripen.

### Fruit Juice Whip

- 2 cups fruit juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons gelatin
- 2 egg whites
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1 tablespoon cold water

Cook fruit juice and sugar together. Soak gelatin in 1 tablespoon cold water, and add to the hot juice, stirring until the gelatin is thoroughly dissolved, then put aside to cool. Beat the whites of the eggs and fold into the cool mixture, then add the cup of whipped cream, blend well, and stand in ice box until chilled.

### Frozen Marshmallow Dessert

- 1 pound marshmallows
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of pecan nuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup candied cherries
- 1 pint whipping cream
- 2 tablespoons sugar flavoring

Cut marshmallows, with scissors into small bits and cover with hot water. Let stand for 30 minutes. Add sugar, flavoring, chopped nuts, and candied cherries cut into small pieces. When this mixture has cooled stir in the whipped cream, put in mould and pack with salt and ice or place in tray of mechanical ice box.

### Mousse

**M**OUSSE is a French word meaning moss and is applied to cream, so frozen as to give it a mossy look.

### Pineapple Mousse

- 1 pint whipping cream
- 1 cup sliced pineapple
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup pecan nuts
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup walnut meats
- 2 or 3 drops vanilla
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup sugar

Beat the cream stiff, add sugar, pineapple cut in small cubes, and nuts broken in small pieces. Put in mould or can and pack in salt and ice for several hours or place in tray of mechanical ice box.

### Fig and Banana Mousse

Slice equal quantities of figs and bananas, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Let stand 30 minutes. Whip 1 pint cream stiff and fold in the sweetened fruit. Place in mould or cans and pack in ice and salt several hours, or place in tray of mechanical ice box.

[Continued on page 628]



## Mountains and Men

By Grace McKinstrey

*Mountains and mountains never meet,  
but the sons of mothers do.—Ancient  
Spanish saying.*

O H, Norway is a distant land  
And China lies afar;  
Old India, vast Africa  
Where strange hot deserts are;  
And Norway's mountains never come  
To where our Rockies rise,  
And Chinese hilltops do not know  
Where hilly Scotland lies.

But you have talked with Norway's sons  
And Scotchmen speak to you,  
"Mountains and mountains never meet  
But the sons of mothers do;"  
And One who lived in Palestine  
Has taught men far apart  
To meet with kindness and faith,  
With understanding heart.

## August

By Fae Decker Dix

I CLOSE my eyes and visualize  
Bright August o'er the hill,  
Her footsteps light glide through the  
night,

Her touch is warm and still.  
Her voice is murmuring answer  
To summer's final call,  
Her skies are filled with promise  
Of the splendor of the fall—

I open my eyes and realize  
Bright August at my door,  
With smiling face and golden grace  
She cheers me as before,—  
She bids me ne'er stop dreaming  
Tho' another summer goes,  
For memories will linger  
Of the bird's song, and the rose.

## Silhouettes

By Irvin L. Warnock

THOUGHTS are messengers,  
By which a man communes  
Within his soul.

Deeds are open doors,  
Through which the passing world  
May view the thoughts within.

Words are bubbling springs,  
Opaque or crystal clear,  
According to the source.

Smiles are pebbles dropped  
Upon the surface of life's quiet calm,  
Whose widening waves touch every shore.

Friends are silver mirrors,  
In whose thoughts and deeds and smiles  
and words,  
We find the image of our life's ideals.

## In Memoriam

By G. Adelle Skow

HERE in a corner of my heart  
Secuded where no eye but mine  
shall see,  
From noise and clamour of the mart,  
Lies buried laughing Memory.  
And none shall see,  
And none shall know  
The hurt of me—  
And tears that flow.

And here I plant the rose for love,  
Violets and pansies on the little plot,  
And from the thickest fringe, the dove  
Coos peace to the forget-me-not.  
And none shall see,  
And none shall know  
How tenderly  
I watch them grow.

Deep, deep is Memory buried, deep,  
And I shall only come at dusk—  
Now and then as the long years creep,—  
When air is filled with rose and musk.  
And none shall see,  
And none shall know,—  
As in the mart  
I smiling go.

## The Congo

By Gearhee Lewis

(Written on the Lualaba, Kataaga, Bel-  
gian Congo, Africa, February 19, 1931.)

THE surface of the stream.  
Silvered by star-bright gleam,  
Stretched sinuous course abeam  
Our slender bark.  
Palm plumes on spindling spars  
Brushed the high skies and stars  
As day's first ashen bars  
Pushed back the dark.

We drifted on and on.  
Until the misted dawn  
Now finds us far beyond  
The vlei.  
The pompong papyrus  
And tall palms pass by us  
In shades of ghostliness  
Along the way.

Into the heightening glow  
Of rising sun, with slow  
And silent stroke we go,  
Afraid that we,  
Beyond each sweeping bend,  
Must find some Fate to end  
With wakefulness this blend  
Of dream-reality.

A phantom form sweeps by  
With plaintive, poignant cry,  
And sound of sea and sky  
In stroking wings.  
Thus have the ages flown  
Past this fair paradise unknown  
To man, and for God's own  
Wild, wondrous things.

## The Pony Express

By Carter E. Grant

AND the hoof-beats rang o'er the  
mountain steep  
To the wail of the gray wolf's call;  
As the "Pony Express" galloped canyons  
deep,  
Down trails 'neath towering wall.

Through the night he sped, like a phan-  
tom dread,  
Over rolling prairie space:  
And the Sioux' war-sounds like baying  
hounds  
Trailed nigh in the deadly race.

Then a light he spied. "The station!"  
he cried,  
"Speed on my wounded gray!  
You're limping a lot from the bullets we  
got,  
While holding the Redmen at bay."

With bags soon changed to a steed well-  
ranged,  
They sped to the clatter of feet.  
Past bad-lands dark where coyotes bark,  
More station pals to meet.

Thus night and day, knowing never a  
stay,  
On swept the riders hard,  
Passed mountain breaks and frozen lakes,  
Our country's mail to guard.

## Silver

By Margaret F. Smith

LITTLE Brook,  
The sparkling of the morning sun  
Upon your light and merry laughter—  
Is like the tinkling of diamonds  
In a bowl of hand cut crystal.

I lie upon your bank  
And your merry magic music,  
Turns my tho'ts to fine spun silver—  
Carries me away  
On shimmering wings of beauty.

## The Swing

By Alice Taylor

HO, for the swing in the orchard fair,  
I am so happy and free from care,  
I know it is waiting for me out there  
Under the old apple tree;

Singing, swinging, to and fro  
Up so high, up we go;  
Singing, singing, to and fro,  
Under the old apple tree.

Ho for the swing and away we go,  
Under the tree with its branches low,  
Singing, swinging to and fro,  
Under the old apple tree.



# CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

## Turn About is Fair Play

AT the meeting of chorists and organists at the April conference complaint was made by a number of chorists of a practice which they feel is growing, much to the detriment of the effectiveness of our worship. This was that the work of the choir in many wards is being interfered with by other organizations calling meetings and rehearsals of special organization activities on the night given to the ward choir for rehearsal. In many instances, especially in the spring and fall the ward choir is disrupted by these calls.

The Church Music Committee feels that it should remind the executives of the auxiliaries as well as others who may be concerned that when a definite night or time has been given to the choir for rehearsal the choir is entitled to the support of the entire ward in being permitted to enjoy this period without duplicate meetings which take away its members. Surely when the bishop calls a chorister and assigns him a definite practice time, he can insist that nothing in the activity of the ward be arranged so as to conflict with this activity. This Committee earnestly urges that nothing be arranged that will take the members of ward choirs away from the rehearsal during the time given them by the bishop for their practice.

## Two-Fold Purpose in Selecting Music

IN ward choir work there is two-fold activity which must be kept in mind. First, the choir, as a part of the ward organization has a definite place in the service; second, the personal membership, made up as it is of varied individualities, must be considered and planned for; and both of these must be understood if music is to function in the program of worship, because, after all, the achievement of the choir will be in proportion to the excellence of its members and their attitude toward the work.

Therefore in choosing music keep this two-fold activity in mind, and make the choice in such a way as will develop the choir as a useful instrument in the machinery of the ward and as a process in the education of the members. The position of the choir in the plan of worship has been treated in considerable detail in the "Choristers' Manual" issued by the Church Music Committee, and the reader's attention is herewith directed to Chapter I of that book. It is assumed that choir leaders have a conception of the power of suitable religious songs, and that they realize that only suitable

songs have a place in our services. Certainly, the first consideration given to any choir activity should be along such lines as will produce greater effectiveness and a stronger disposition to worship in the hearts of the congregation.

It will be interesting to consider the other function of the choir as suggested above, namely, a process of education and a time of musical and intellectual progress and enjoyment. There are two sources to which we may turn to find the reason for service in most individuals. The more common, though not the more ideal, is the individual's search after personal progress and pleasure. There can be no sensible reason why the individual should not desire to perfect himself in proper and uplifting endeavor. In fact it is most laudable that he should so desire and exert his efforts. But when this is done at the expense of his fellows, either by over-riding their rights and privileges or by neglecting his responsibilities to them in such manner as to hinder their advancement, it ceases to be a virtue. The less common source to which we may turn to find the inspiration that keeps most persons at work in a cause is a feeling of duty. There are no people who can show a larger number of individuals giving such excellent service out of a sense of duty than the Latter-day Saints. In fact we have always been urged to do much that we do because it is our duty to do it, and the response has been so wonderful that outsiders marvel that our people do so much.

One is now led to the question, Is labor that is done merely out of a sense of duty as well performed as that which is done with enthusiastic desire and because of a genuine enjoyment of the work itself? There is no intention here of minimizing the beauty and worthiness of performance inspired in large measure by a sense of duty—one who works thus is entitled to credit and is way ahead of one who does nothing at all. But all know that the great things in history have not been performed in this spirit. Rather a combination of conversion, duty, and personal elation is what has carried the world forward. Conversion means understanding, intelligent acceptance, and when this is the basis upon which one begins one's consecration to duty, using ways and means in achievement that thrill and develop the individual, as well as carry forward the movement or purpose of consecration, the result is sure to be uplifting.

Being two-fold in activity, music for the choir should be chosen with this thought in mind. The choir must do its part in the program of worship by singing music that is appropriate and suitable: the individuals in the

choir must be kept interested by having the opportunity of learning and singing music that is worthy serious study and rehearsal. Only in this way can a leader hope to hold his talented singers, especially if there is an outlet through any other organization in the community for that enthusiasm which is the life of talented, progressive students. Music that can be read at sight and which offers no real necessity for practice will interest only mediocre talent. This is not to say that selection of music unreasonably difficult is to be recommended. Let the director use common-sense, and observe the effect of the music he rehearses, both upon himself and upon his singers.

## Offerings

THE following questions are submitted to the musicians of the Church, particularly those who have charge of the music in the Sacrament services of our worship:

Has the music, as it is now practiced, a place of prominence in our service?

Is it an integral part of the service?

Has the Lord ever justified attaching such importance to it?

Has it a place that is as important as prayer?

Have we any assurance that God will recognize it and accept devotion that is attempted through it?

Some have looked upon it as an offering equal with any other offering of devotion; do you agree with this conception?

If so, are you sure *your* offering is of the nature that will be acceptable to God?

Will you continue reading now while some scripture is put before you?

IF SO—

"Ye offer polluted bread upon mine altar; and ye say, Wherein have we polluted thee? In that ye say, The table of the Lord is contemptible. And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? \* \* \*

And ye brought that which was torn, and the lame, and the sick; thus ye have brought an offering: should I accept this of your hand? saith the Lord. But cursed be the deceiver, which hath in his flock a male, and voweth, and sacrificeth unto the Lord a corrupt thing, for I am the great King, saith the Lord of hosts, and my name is dreadful among the heathen."

—Malachi, chapter 1.

Are we certain that our musical offering in choice, content, preparation, and rendition is without blemish, and is such as may not come under the Lord's condemnation?

# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve;  
and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

*The Lord says: "Tobacco is not good for man, but for bruises and sick cattle."*

## What Is Priesthood?

IF you had a horse or an automobile or a piece of land to sell and were going away where you would be unable to transact that business, you still might effect the sale by asking one of your friends to do it for you.

That delegation of power or authority might be done by word of mouth or by a written statement signed by you and perhaps witnessed by some one else.

If your friend made the sale, it would be as valid as if you had done it in person, and it would stand in the courts of the state as a legal transaction.

This act of giving your permission to sell to another is called, in the language of the law, a "power of attorney."

Priesthood is something like that.

God delegates to man the power or authority to do something—the power to baptize, to confirm, to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, to lay hands on the sick in the healing ordinance, and so on. And when a man is so delegated and when he performs a religious ordinance by virtue of his Priesthood, the act is as valid as if the Lord performed it in person.

Priesthood, then, is the authority to act for God.

## A First Call to Preach

AS soon as Wilford Woodruff received the Gospel, which was in 1833, he felt a strong desire to preach it to others, so that they might share his joy.

In order, however, to preach the Gospel, especially to baptize others into the Church, it was necessary for him to be a priest; and he did not hold that office, although he was twenty-six years old. Being very modest by nature, he would not ask any man to ordain him. So he prayed. His Father would understand.

He was in Missouri at the time.

One day when he went into the woods to pray, he asked the Lord to open up the way, if it was His will, that he might go on a mission. Before he rose from his knees he knew his prayer would be answered.

On coming out of the forest whom should he meet but Elias Higbee. Elias Higbee was president of the branch there. Elder Higbee said:

"Brother Woodruff, the Spirit of the Lord tells me you should be ordained to go and preach the Gospel."

Accordingly, Wilford was ordained

a priest and sent on a mission to the Southern States.

## A Good Turn

IN the Emigration ward, in Salt Lake City, the quorums of deacons perform work in the Church that is of great aid to the bishop and the elders' quorum.

Every fast Sunday they visit the homes of Latter-day Saints to get the fast offerings. In this way nearly a hundred dollars a month comes into the treasury of the ward for religious purposes. The people now always look for these visits, and have their money ready. No other plan has succeeded so well.

Nor is that all. Deacons visit the homes every Sunday of such members of the ward as are unable, through sickness or old age, to attend the Sunday services, and take them the Sacrament. The gratitude of these people is beyond expression, and makes the boys happy for having performed that service.

One time the officers of the elders' quorum thought they would ask the deacons to carry letters to the members of the organization, inviting them to the meetings. The deacons were glad to do that—and did.

The result was beyond all expectation—greater than had ever been attained through any other means. It was the personal touch that did the job, and provided a new field of activity for the deacons.

## Field Notes

### WESTERN STATES MISSION:

President Elias S. Woodruff advises that excellent response was had in the matter of commemorating the Aaronic Priesthood Anniversary on Sunday, May 17th as follows:

"I have before me a number of reports of the Aaronic Priesthood meetings which were held in this mission on May 17, 1931, with some few exceptions, which, in that case, were held May 24th. I am merely writing to let you know that the response this year seems to be almost complete in all the branches where it was possible to hold such a meeting. Even in branches where there was only one deacon, meetings were held and the matter was taken with that degree of seriousness which promises well for the Aaronic Priesthood work. I am sure you will be pleased to know that wherever we have a deacon, or more than one deacon, wherever it is pos-

sible, they are actively participating in the administration of the Sacrament."

## Ordinations in the Aaronic Priesthood

IN order to be assured of the worthiness of those who are to be ordained in the Aaronic Priesthood and to promote appreciation of the dignity and importance of these callings, it is appropriate that in the presentation of their names for the approval of the members in any ward a little formality should be attached thereto.

Therefore, everyone whose name is to be presented to the ward members in Fast or Sacrament meeting should be on the stand at the time. In the case of those to be ordained deacons, it is suggested that the chairman or other member of the ward Aaronic supervisors should be invited to be on the stand, as also the president or other officer of the Primary. At the bishop's request they should, in turn, state what preparation the boys have had and what evidence they have shown of worthiness for the ordination to the Priesthood.

For instance, the chairman of the Aaronic Priesthood supervisors could very well be called upon to make a statement such as the following:

"Bishop \_\_\_\_\_, brethren and sisters, the Aaronic Priesthood supervisors have had (Wayne Brown, John Thomas, etc.) in preparation for this ordination for the past (seven) months and have been in contact with their parents. These boys are all living clean lives. They are keeping the Word of Wisdom. They do not use profanity. They attend to their prayers and are otherwise worthy to be ordained deacons. They are willing to perform the service attached thereto. I am glad to recommend them to you for your favorable consideration." (If any boy is not worthy of such recommendation he should not be ordained until he reforms.)

The bishop should then arise and ask each boy to stand. He should then present each by name for the separate vote of the congregation.

This same procedure should be followed with teachers and priests, except that in such cases the Primary officers would not be called upon to make recommendations. In very small wards where there may be no supervisors, a member of the bishopric who has had charge of the preparation of the boys or young men, should make the recommendation.





# MUTUAL MESSAGES



## Executive Department

### General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH.  
RICHARD R. LYMAN.  
MELVIN J. BALLARD.

Executive Secretary:

OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

### General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

### General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

### General Presidency

Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,  
LUCY GRANT CANNON,  
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY.

General Secretary:

ELSIE HOGAN

## M. I. A. Summer Camps

NEAR Brighton (Silver Lake) at the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon, is the M. I. A. summer camp, ideally located in a prominent position, with a setting of sky, woodland, lake, and crag.

From the breeze cooled porch on the north of the lodge, you may look down the canyon for twenty miles, and see mountain peaks rising one behind another and sloping to the north and south away from the stream. Here is adventure calling. Your legs may not become active and responsive, but your imagination will.

The camp itself will accommodate one hundred and fifty girls and women with comfortable beds and pleasant quarters for all. In addition to bedrooms, showers, and kitchen, there is a spacious dining hall, a recreation room, and four open fireplaces to help make your stay delightful. A group of tents near the main lodge will accommodate any men who are to join the women of the family for a vacation.

Meal time is a happy time, with well-cooked food seasoned with group songs, and occasional responses from individual tables.

"Mother Lunt," as all of the girls call her, is house mother in very deed. No girl suffers homesickness nor wants for anything with "Mother Lunt" keeping a kindly eye on all the visitors.

Recreational features are provided, and a leader organizes events and programs for all who care to participate. You'll want to take the winding trail and travel up to Twin Lakes with the crowd. It's a short hike and a good one. A gradual ascent, easy trail, and uncontrollable enthusiasm will get you there in short order—and there are the lakes catching every ray of sunshine and reflecting sparkling gems.

Then there's the Sunset Peak trip where you follow along the divide between Big Cottonwood Canyon, and the north fork of American Fork Canyon. Looking fourteen miles south one sees the massive mountain Tim-

panogos—"Sleeping Woman." You can see them.

Over three peaks and two miles to the north rises rock piled Mount Majestic, and you are to enjoy a sunrise hike up there some morning.

You'll leave for Mount Majestic before dawn and in deep silence—with a purple sky and great steady stars hung like lanterns. Passing under sombre pines, through a forest as silent as a great empty cathedral, you'll startle a bird occasionally, hear a loud whirr-r-r as it wings its way out through the trees.

Gray dawn comes gradually. Instead of becoming light over the peak ahead, it seems to steal up from the valley below. The stars begin to disappear. Reaching the top you will sit down with a feeling of awe and reverence.

The pearl gray sky becomes tinted in the far west with a light rose touching each high-floating cloud with a more brilliant hue. The color increases, running and streaming around you. Night is slipping away fast. The heavy clouds below partially dissolve and suddenly rise, spread, and float away, a ghost of the former mass. The color of the sky is reflected on every rock, tree, lake, and slope, and with a final rush, there bursts over the eastern mountains the first rays of the blazing sun. The day has come!

Perhaps you will get in on a bean hole bean bake, and will chuckle to yourself while listening to an appetizing sound of "bubble-bub-lub" coming from a little mound of soft warm dirt. Get a stick and scrape away the dirt, raise the kettle by the handle from the hole of hot rocks and ashes, lift off the lid, and here's food fit for anyone.

You'll like the campfire programs, the stunt nights, and the days—full of games and fun.

You'll never forget your days and nights at the M. I. A. Camp. You'll never forget the sweep of wind from a blue sky, a glowing moon slipping

down a mountain's silhouette, the friendship fire on the rock, the night breeze swinging the tree tops as you fall asleep. You'll live and love these things, not just for a few days, but forever, and you'll plan your next year's vacation on your way home! —Leona Holbrook, Liberty Stake.

## Sunday Evening Conjoint Meetings

THE general theme for the ensuing years is to be: *The Developing Power of the Gospel.*

M. I. A. officers are urged to give these conjoint meetings much serious thought. It is a great privilege to have one Sunday evening each month in which to develop our latent talent, and we will travel much farther toward our objective if the program is furnished by ward members rather than by a special speaker from the outside.

For the guidance of those who prepare the programs, the following suggestions are offered:

1. The program should be in keeping with the day.
2. It should be carefully selected and thoroughly prepared. It will then become an honor to be asked to take part thereon.
3. Care should be used to see that young people who are assigned parts understand what is expected of them. They should occupy places on the stand.
4. Those taking part should be chosen with a view of providing a wide distribution of activity.

Music should be in harmony with the theme. For example: "My God the Source of all my Joys." (Hymn may be read before singing.) "God moves in a mysterious way." (An interesting story of the author William Cooper might be given.)

Talk, How we are made stronger by faith in God.

(a) Physically. (Cite cases of healing by prayer and the laying on of

hands. Case of David. (1 Samuel 17.) The two thousand young Lamanites. (Alma 56.)

(b) Intellectually. (Doc. and Cov. 76:1-10; 84:45, 46; 89:19. Discourses of Brigham Young, pp. 378-385.)

Talk, How we are made stronger by faith in God.

(a) Morally. (Dr. Talmage's Articles of Faith, page 105. Discourses of Brigham Young, pp. 494-500.)

(b) Spiritually. (Life of Wilford Woodruff, chapter 3.)

Four speakers instead of two might treat these subjects. It is advised that two testimonies bearing on the theme, one by a young man and one by a young lady, previously appointed, be given, three to five minutes.

## High Spots in the M. I. A. 1931-32 Program

Opening Social—September 8th.  
Class Work begins September 15th.

Half-hour Activity Program begins September 22nd.

Half-hour Era Program—October 13th, either preceding or following the Activity Program—time to be extended after 9:00 P. M.

## Department Manuals

*Adult (Joint) "How to Live,"* by Fisher and Fisk—Price \$1.75; \$1.65 in lots of six or more. Study outline free with each text book.

Optional Courses—

"A Century of Progress".....40c

"Community Health and

Hygiene.....50c

"Ethics of the Doctrine and

Covenants".....20c

*Women's Adult Group*—(where meeting separate from the men) *The Bee Hive Hand Book*, "Gleaning," or "Believing and Doing."

*M Men-Gleaner* (Jt.)—"The right Thing at All Times"—A Book of Etiquette—Price 50c.

*M Men*—"Choosing an Occupation"—Price 35c.

*Gleaner*—"A Brief History of the Church," by Edward H. Anderson—Price 50c.

*Vanguard*—"The Log of the Vanguard Trail."

*Junior Girls*—"Building a Life"—Price 20c.

*Scouts*—Boy Scout Handbook.

*Bee-Hive Girls*—Hand Book—Price 25c.

## Projects

*Adult*—"Health Projects."  
*Gleaner*—"I will Gather Treasures of Truth." (See Gleaner Manual for explanation.)

*Junior Girls*—"My Story—Lest I Forget." (See Junior Manual for explanation.)



## ADULT DEPARTMENT

### Committee

Dr. Arthur L. Beely and Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen; Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Lewis T. Cannon, Dr. Lyman L. Daines, Ann M. Cannon, Rose W. Bennett, Emily H. Higgs, Charlotte Stewart

## Course for Season 1931-1932

**HOW TO LIVE** by Fisher & Fisk, with Study Outline by Dr. L. L. Daines and Miss Charlotte Stewart of the General Board M. I. A. Adult Committee and Dr. L. Weston Oaks of the B. Y. U. Faculty.

This book sells regularly in stores for \$2.00. A supply is now on hand at the General Board offices and will be furnished M. I. A. officers and members at \$1.75 per copy, including the Study Outline (Postpaid). In lots of six (6) or more it will be reduced to \$1.65 per copy including the Study Outline (postpaid). It is hoped that class members will join together and send for enough to supply each home with a copy. Make the effort to have at least ten copies in your Ward. If studied and the knowledge applied to every-day living, the book will save many times its cost in medicine and doctor bills.

Organize your department early and be ready to go by September first. Order your book now and get acquainted with it before the weekly meetings are resumed in September.

\* \* \*

The following extracts are from an address delivered by Dr. Lyman L. Daines at the Adult Department Meeting of June Conference, June 13, 1931:

The work that we attempted to carry on last year served a very good purpose in arousing interest in this big problem of health. It is interesting to note that the new slogan of the M. I. A. follows the very lines of our course of study.

In casting over the field for highly desirable textbook material, we chose for our textbook this year *How To Live* by Fisher and Fisk, sponsored by the National Hygiene Board. It is an extremely fine treatise on personal health problems and gives an opportunity for class leaders to go into great detail. The Committee has written a study outline to go along with it and to be a part of the text this winter.

This Study Outline gives twenty-four chapters which definitely and rather intimately outline the work of the first two hundred pages of the text. The last of the text—which is a book of something like four hundred pages—is made up of supplementary notes which will be extremely helpful to the instructor in preparing the lesson. In outlining the chapters, we have followed the following scheme:

First, several points in which attention is called to the most important items in

the particular chapter, and in some cases new points of interest.

Second, L. D. S. beliefs, in which we have called to our attention the relation between these teachings and the beliefs and teachings of the L. D. S. Church.

The third part gives a number of stimulating questions which I am sure will be helpful to the class leaders.

The fourth part contains a number of references which would be desirable in any Mutual library.

That in general is the outline for the work this winter. I am just going to indicate to you some of the headings of our chapters so that you can begin to become enthusiastic about the possibilities that are before us. As introductory the first two hundred pages of the book are divided into eight parts.

We have assigned chapters according to the pages with the subject and name and the heading of each chapter in the table of contents.

The second part is a discussion of the relation of air to personal health, housing, clothing, and outdoor living and sleeping.

The next part is on foods. The book gives a very fine discussion of the important elements of food hygiene. Perhaps nothing of more importance from the standpoint of the health of mankind has been done in recent years than the researches on diet.

First, discussing the quantity of food; next, the different types of foods—proteins, carbohydrates, and fats. Next, the hard, bulky, and raw foods which, of course, bring in the question of vitamins and mineral salts, and next the habit of diet.

The fourth part of the text takes up the question of toxins and infections. First, the poisons that are originated from within the body, and in this connection the various problems of elimination, evacuation, and posture, come in in a very important way; and then it discusses the various poisons that come into the body from without—the contact poisons, and then the biological. That brings into account in a short review the question of infection. You will be interested to get the point of view of these authors.

There is a chapter on the proper care of the teeth and the gums.

The fifth part of the book discusses activity and play, and we are extremely fortunate to get the help of Sister Charlotte Stewart in outlining these particular chapters. They give a discussion on the following work and exercise: Recreation, Relaxation, and Rest. The next two chapters were outlined by our own Dr. Beely on Serenity and Peace, and the hygiene of the nervous system.

The sixth part, upon individual hygiene in general, gives a chance for a general checking up on rules of hygiene.



The seventh part tells of the fields of eugenics.

The final part, the Possibilities of Hygiene.

### Optional Courses

In case your members do not want this study of individual health, they may select from any of the previous courses outlined in this department. They are:

1926-27—"Heroes of Science."  
1927-28—"Champions of Liberty."  
1928-29—"Captains of Industry."  
"Moral Teachings of the New Testament."

1929-30—"A Century of Progress."  
Of the above, no copies are on hand for sale, but they may be found in possession of some of your members.

The following can be purchased of the General Board of M. I. A.:

1930-31—"Community Health and Hygiene"—50c.  
1930-31—"Women's Adult Manual"—"Ethics of the Doctrine & Covenants."

4 Music Programs.

Indian Lore—20c.

1930-31—"Gleaner Girls' Manual"—"Gleaning"—25c.

In case the class desires to study something entirely outside of these subjects, make up your outline and submit it to the Adult Committee of the General Board M. I. A. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### Report from Orangeville Ward

ON the program in our conjoint meeting, given by the adult classes, one of the numbers was a song by Sister Diantha Siterude and her seven daughters, who not only sang but sang well.

Six of these daughters are married and have children, they all found their husbands in this little ward of five hundred population, and were all married in the Temple. All of them reside here and are active in the Mutual and other organizations.



## COMMUNITY ACTIVITY DEPT. Committee

Oscar A. Kirkham, Clarissa A. Beesley, Chairmen; Emily C. Adams, Vice-Chairman; Heber C. Iverson, John H. Taylor, W. O. Robinson, Don Wood, Jos. F. Smith, J. Spencer Cornwall, Charlotte Stewart, Elsie T. Brandley, Katie C. Jensen, Evangeline T. Beesley, Ethel S. Anderson

## Contest Winners—1931

THE contest features of the June Conference held in Salt Lake City on June 12, 13, and 14, 1931, was different from those of other years in many respects. Instead of all division winners throughout the Church, only two such appeared in the finals, the choice being made by judges of the division meets.

The following named young people were presented in afternoon and evening exhibitions, and were accorded the places indicated:

### MALE CHORUS

First—Pocatello Stake  
Jens Henriksen, Director

Conrad Edward Green  
George Pugmitte  
Farris Leo Edgley  
Charles Orson Packham  
Owen W. Benzley  
Karl V. Nilsson  
R. Stanford Babcock  
Howard Packham  
Ingvald Daniel Jansen  
J. Ellis Tolman  
N. Harold Timpson  
Lynn LaMar Gee  
Elbert Lamoni Tolman  
Lawrence A. Monroe  
Eldred Clarence Stephenson  
Lillis C. Hill

Second—Mount Ogden Stake  
Miss Tyree, Director

Alexander Eugene Winward  
Richard Eugene Winward  
Walton Richards Burton  
Charles R. Burton  
John E. DeHaan  
Henry J. DeHaan  
Roger S. Woods  
Alfred J. Burdett  
Robert Marshall Brough  
Johannes E. Gabler  
Varian E. Hale

### MIXED DOUBLE QUARTETTE

First—Fremont Stake  
J. H. Dean, Director

Margaret Bean Davis  
Karl W. Devenport  
LaVina Catharine Norman  
J. R. Clark  
Mabel H. Strong  
Leon M. Strong  
H. A. Dean  
(Ann Parkinson)  
(Alta Stoker)

Second—Cache Stake  
James McMurrin, Director

### LADIES' CHORUS

First—Granite Stake

Dr. C. J. Green, Director

Birdie Anderson  
Louise Davis Bowring  
Helen Davis Bowring  
Clara Samuelson  
Nancy Elizabeth Done  
Marion Blackett  
Elsie Harline Nordberg  
Beth Hooper  
Dr. C. G. Green  
Ruth Hooper  
Dott Heiner Anderson

Second—St. George Stake  
Evelyn Thurston, Director

Virginia Jarvis  
Ina Mae McArthur  
Margaret Brooks  
Winifred Smith  
Una Pickett  
Mrs. LaVerne De Swan  
Rhoda Andrus

### DANCING

First—Boxelder Stake

David Madsen Welling  
Florence Roberts

Second—Pocatello Stake

Howard Packham  
Delmar Walton



Dancers in Gold and Green Centennial Waltz—Nebo Stake.

## ORCHESTRA

First—Liberty Stake  
Mr. Runswick, Director

Ernest W. Morris  
Laura Duke  
John G. Reed  
Edward J. Watson  
Robert E. Runswick  
Maacah Francum  
John Reid  
Paul Margetts  
Howard Barker  
Thomas Lamont Wilson  
Willis J. Woodbury

Second—St. George Stake

Mr. Bleak, Director

Von B. Cottam  
Floyd McIntyre  
Francis H. Leavitt

## M MEN PUBLIC SPEAKING

First Place—Marvin James Bertoch

## GLEANER PUBLIC SPEAKING

First—Fremont Stake

Adalena Madsen

Second—Granite Stake

Lois Merle Astin

## Union Stake

THE Gold and Green Balloon Dance of Union Stake was socially and financially the greatest success of the M. I. A. for last season. A queen was chosen from among five ward queens, M Men being the judges. The proceeds were used to defray the expenses of stake delegates to the June Conference.



Queen of Gold and Green Ball,  
Union Stake

## VANGUARD RETOLD STORY

First—Liberty Stake  
Clayton Lawrence Thatcher

Second—So. Davis Stake  
Keith C. Brown

## JUNIOR GIRLS' RETOLD STORY

First—Kolob Stake  
Margaret A. Bird

Second—Sevier Stake  
Lela Vee Hunt

(Some lists sent in to the General Board were incomplete, and are given above as submitted.)

## DRAMA

First—Ensign Stake

Helen S. Williams, Director

Rhea Boyce  
Mary Shindler  
Carl Joseph Harris  
Louise Eschler  
Melba Wodubury  
Fred Barnes

Second—Ogden Stake

Emma J. Reynolds, Director

Allene Orton  
Joseph L. Chandler  
Naomi W. Randall  
Miss Melba Chatelain



## M MEN DEPARTMENT

### Committee

Herbert B. Maw, Chairman; John F. Bowman, Thomas A. Beal, Oscar W. Carlson, Alma Clayton, Homer C. Warner, Nicholas G. Morgan, E. E. Erickson, Jos. F. Smith

## School for M Men Leaders

(From a talk given at June Conference by N. A. Morgan)

INAUGURATING a new program designed to improve the standard of M Men work the first school for M Men Supervisors was held in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1930. Over 50 men, leaders in the M Men work in the Salt Lake District, attended during the four nights of instruction and 14 out of that number successfully completed the requirements established and have been given recognition as certified M Men Supervisors.

The school was worked out and recommended to the M Men Committee of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. by a special committee who were assigned to study the problem of putting over the M Men program more successfully. The project was planned to meet two important ends, first to give M Men Supervisors a better background and a better understanding of M Men work and second, to give the M Men Supervisors proper recognition so that they will be given greater freedom and support to put over the program of activities.

Four 2 hour meetings were held and during that time the fundamentals of the M Men program and its problems were analyzed and discussed with great interest.

While under the direction of the General Board, the supervision of the school was handled by a Committee of M Men leaders. Three groups were organized, typical of ward groups, with officers and committees, and most of the school's activities were carried on through this organization. Club No. 1 adopted the name of "Pushers" and during the course of the school were responsible for a couple of original yells, a song and other original ideas. Club No. 2 adopted the name "Master M Men."

They also had yells and songs and in a little three minute dramatization put over the significance of their name. Club No. 3 adopted the comic name of "Peanut Rollers." This group was full of life and fun and were responsible for many fine, peppy features during the period of the school.

The program for the next night included discussions on the general set-up of the school and the purposes and objectives to be accomplished, and a talk, with general discussion on the objectives of M Men work, need for leadership, securing 100% participation in the group, and the development of the M Men. Principles of public speaking were discussed and a general discussion was held on putting over the public speaking program. Following this a number of contests were held between the groups demonstrating how various ideas can be worked into the general activity of the M Men program. During the evening the school was divided into the groups above mentioned, officers were elected and names adopted and a yell presented. Assignments were also made for the following meetings.

During the second night of the school a period was given to the discussion of teaching methods, of class work and the manual, including discussions on teaching, a lesson on class discipline and on securing general participation. Following this the school divided into groups where group work was taken up. Upon re-assembling, the groups put over a five minute stunt each depicting the slogan or the project assigned to the Mutuals for the year. The Peanut Rollers were awarded by the judges as giving the best demonstration of the project. Following this the joint M Men-Gleaner



program was discussed, followed by a discussion of the reading course and then a talk on athletics in the M Men program by Homer Warner.

The third night found on the program discussions on a broader athletic program in which the group offered their best ideas on how to promote baseball, tennis, bowling, horse-shoe pitching, swimming and other athletic activities. This discussion which brought out many valuable new features was followed by a talk and discussion on debating. Upon re-convening a song contest was held between the groups, first honors going to the Masters, who presented a very splendid song with original words. After the contest a discussion was held on financing M Men work.

The final night was devoted to a review of the work undertaken during the three previous nights; the mission of the supervisor outlined; M Men ideals, and putting over various activities in M Men programs. There was a wind-up of community singing and songs learned each night were sung after which the school was turned into a model M Men entertainment or social, each group participating in the competitions. The climax came in the serving of some refreshments and the supervisors departed vowing the school a success and a most worthwhile and entertaining time.

It had been decided beforehand that certificates should be awarded to those men who would successfully complete the requirements of the school such as attending regularly, participating in the discussions, keeping accurate records of all that transpired, preparing the assignments made for each night and for having completed at least one year as a supervisor of M Men. Fourteen men attending the school qualified under these requirements and have since been awarded the first certificates.

### Big Horn Stake M Men Hold Second Annual Banquet

A hundred and forty M Men from the six wards of the Big Horn stake gathered in Lovell, Wyo., for the second annual M Men's banquet. The dinner and the toasts given were enjoyed by all. Two toasts were had from each ward; in addition to these we heard from each of the bishops present, members of the stake Y. M. M. I. A. presidency, and others whose parts on the program were extemporaneous. The occasion was enjoyed so much that a number of those present suggested it be made a semi-annual affair.

### M Men-Gleaner Report from Canadian Mission

*To the King!*

*The toast is drunk, and the banquet is on!*

The M Men and Gleaner Girls of the Toronto branch gave their Banquet on May 1, and it was successful in every way. Splendid toasts and responses were

given, and a very interesting program was enjoyed. Thirty-seven guests were present, (the Junior Girls being among them) including Brother John V. Bluth, president of the Canadian mission; Sister Annie Bluth, president of the mission Relief Societies; Sister Edyth Jenkins, mission supervisor of Y. L. M. I. A.; Elder Silas E. Thomson, mission supervisor

of Y. M. M. I. A.; Brother Adolph Zuber, branch president; and Sister Davies.

The banquet was held in Hunt's Tea Rooms and the menu and accommodations offered by them were entirely delightful. Everyone had an enjoyable time, and the committee in charge is to be congratulated on their successful management of the entire program.



M Men-Gleaner Banquet, Toronto, Canada



## GLEANER GIRLS DEPARTMENT Committee

Grace C. Noelen, Chairman, Rachel G. Taylor, Martha G. Smith, Margaret Newman,  
Emily C. Adams

BEFORE June Conference the Gleaner Manual was ready for distribution. If every Gleaner leader in the church would obtain her copy NOW and use the summer months in becoming well acquainted with this new friend, it would mean that 1931-2 would be the most successful season we have ever experienced. A power and richness of thought and inspiration will come from unhurried contemplation of the subjects presented. One evening with Etiquette, two with Church History, and one with Treasures of Truth is outlined in the manual.

On account of the interest in Treasures of Truth books, and the feeling so generally expressed that real results could be obtained if sufficient time were given, one fourth of our winter work is to be devoted to this subject. The material to be presented

on this one night a month is to be gleaned from the books of the group, so the success of the work depends entirely on the initiative of the leader, and the class of material the Gleaners include in their books.

Last year about 1,000 Gleaners started their books. This seems a splendid showing until we consider there are over 1,000 wards in the church, then we must say "It is only a beginning."

No leader can stimulate the Gleaners to the highest achievement unless she has felt the thrill of making her own "Treasures of Truth."

Winter months are busy with school, but summer time is ideal to gather the Gleaners in social groups and show them the possibilities for increased joy and happiness through actual participation in this soul satisfying activity.

## Deseret Stake Camp

THE Deseret Stake Y. L. M. I. A. have laid the foundation for a Summer Camp in Oak City Canyon. They have rented two acres of ground from the Forest reserve which has been fenced and a large tent purchased for use of the girls of the stake. It is a beautiful spot with large pine trees giving plenty of shade, a creek running through the grounds, large hills forming a stately background.

During the winter of 1929-30 Mrs. Grace C. Warnick, then Y. L. Stake President, laid plans for the beginning of the camp. Committees were appointed to raise funds. The Stake Re-

lief Society cooperated with the M. I. A. and asked each of their members to donate 10c. By summer, money was available to begin the work. Some men from Oak City donated work and the place was fenced. Rules and regulations were formed and all those who used the home abided by these rules.

On the 25th of June, 1930, a delegation of M. I. A. workers met with Forest Reserve representatives at the site and formally dedicated the place. From this small beginning we look for a camp in the future that will be as fine as any in the Church.—Margaret Callister, Y. L. Stake President, Elzina Dutson, Stake Secretary.



## JUNIOR GIRLS DEPARTMENT

### Committee

Laura P. Nicholson, Chairman; Agnes S. Knowlton, Julia S. Baxter, Emma Goddard, Katie C. Jensen

### My Story "Lest I Forget"

(This little dramatization on the Junior Project for 1931-32 was given in the Junior Department meeting at June Conference in Salt Lake City.)

Scene 1—Living room, Fall of 1931.  
Characters: Kate, Marcia, Mable, Gladys, and Allie.

Enter Kate looking for tennis racket. (on central table is a general array of paper, etc., in neat piles.)

Kate: Oh dear, I can't find it. I was sure I left it here. *(Calls through the door, come on in will you? I can't find my racket.)*

(Enter Marcia, Mable, and Gladys dressed for tennis, rackets in hand. They lounge on chairs. Marcia goes to table. Picks up picture.)

Marcia: Hey, look! Here is Kay in her youth.

(Girls come to table.)

Marcia: Why Kate aren't you cute? where did you find your good looks? Oh, look here—

Marcia: How quaint—that must be Kay's mother in her bridal gown. We had better be careful. This looks like it was meant to be something. They won't like it if we muss it up.

Kate: Oh, I guess it's Allie's. She's always doing something.

(Mable picks up paper and examines it.)

Mable: Oh, see this, here is a chart that shows Kate's father and mother, grandpater and great grandpater.

(Enter Allie unnoticed—carrying in her hands a baby dress, books, pictures, etc. Girls rise.)

Gladys: Oh, what a darling dress.

Allie: Like it, really? (turns around as she comes to table.) I see you are looking at the new book I am making—

Marcia: A new book? It's a funny book. What are you going to call it?

Allie: My Story, Lest I Forget!

Mable: I like that name, My Story, but what is it all about?

Allie: Me. Sit down, if you have a minute to spare? (All nod and sit.) You see I am asked to take a Junior class at Mutual this fall so I am trying to get ready. Kay and all of you will be in my class if you come to Mutual.

Allie: Oh, we will come!

Marcia: I never was so keen about church.

Allie: Well, you'll like this. I am sure. There are the most interesting things for us to do.

Marcia: No preaching?

Allie: Preaching, no! Just study, discussions on how to be beautiful, really beautiful. "Building a Life." Isn't that an interesting title? This is our manual. And this that I am working on is our project.

Mable: Excuse me, we had one in nature, and I thought I'd perish.

Gladys: Me too.

Kate: Why I thought it was fun to gather all those bugs—

All: Insects.

Marcia: Oh, you would, Kay. Look at the mark you pulled out of it! I'm not fond of bugs—

All: Insects.

Allie: Well, this isn't like that. It's to be all about yourself. It's your own stories, so that you won't forget what has happened to you. See mine. I am just started and I am already so interested I don't want to let it alone a minute.

(Shows pictures as she talks.)

Here is the place I was born, and here is a lock of my baby hair. Here is one of my first shoes. This dress was a gift, so mother tells me. Here is a picture of my early beau. He took me to my first dance and here is his old valentine—and that is just the beginning. I haven't started to tell about my trips, and school and summer vacations or anything.

This chapter is about my parents and I am starting it with the chart that you had when I came in. I want to tell a little about the places they came from and the things they loved. This is my great grandmother. She came from England and brought my grandmother to Canada. Then they joined the Church and came here, where mother was born in Cottonwood. I was born here in Salt Lake—and that's only one side of the family tree.

Marcia: I am French and Dutch—if you can imagine that.

Mable: I am Scotch and German.

Gladys: So that is why you are so particular is it? I am everything. Mother's got our pedigree traced way back and it seems like I have a trace of every nation somewhere. My people were wanderers and we have traveled most everywhere.

Allie: Won't we have fun when we have our ancestry party in Mutual next winter? And here is another interesting chapter. My missionaries—Father went to England, and one brother went to Ger-

many, one went to Holland, one went to the Hawaiian Islands. See, I have been collecting pictures to put in my book from all those countries.

Kate: Say, won't I have it easy. I'll just have to write Allie's book over for me.

Mable: It will help you a lot, but I guess you'll have something to say for yourself, you usually do.

(Kate pulls friendly face at her.)

Marcia: But see Allie. What's this about.

Allie: Why that is a sheet of names for baptism. Didn't you get baptized for some people when you went with your Bee Hive class?

Mable: Yes, I went five times. I thought it was awfully interesting but I can't remember anyone's name. Can you Kay?

Kate: No, I guess next time we can put them in our book, can't we? Then we will have a record of them.

Allie: Here is my Patriarchal Blessing.

Marcia: What's that, Allie?

Allie: Read it, Marcia. It's really very nice. It tells of my ancestry. We will learn a great deal about what I hope and perhaps later if you all want one you can each have one for yourselves.

Gladys: Sounds keen. I'll surely be in your class, Allie. Why, I guess it will just about be our bunch. Say, why not just have our bunch?

Allie: Why, we couldn't do that. Isn't Jaee your age too?

Kate: Oh, Allie! She can't even talk plain and she doesn't belong to our crowd and she dresses funny, and she never comes on time because she has to wash dishes.

Allie: We all help with the dishes, don't we? And she's the very one we want to make happy. She's brought here by one of our own missionaries, and she's had to leave everything. Poor kid, she looks awfully lonesome to me.

Mable: Well, we'll have her, and maybe she won't be a stranger long.

Allie: Then there's Francine. What about her?

(Girls are all silent a minute.)

Kate: Well, she gave our crowd up and joined the smart set at school and started to smoke.

Marcia: Well, she stopped and she'd like to come back to us. She said her mother felt so bad, and one day she said, "I never would have believed a daughter of mine would smoke." Francine said she never could forget it, or how sorry she looked and so she quit.

Mable: Well, we'll invite her back if she wants to come and won't smoke.

(Flips tennis racket in air. Kate sees it.)

Kate: Good night, we're forgetting all about our tennis. Let's go. Allie, did you see my racket?

Allie: Why yes, Kate, I put it in your room in its case.

(Exit Kate.)

Allie: See, girls, here is the cover. Isn't it nice? It is really very cheap. Here's Kate back so run and play while I work a little.

All: All right, good bye.

(Girls exit as curtain falls.)

(Substitutes for names may be made—also for places the missionaries in your family have visited.)







Dr. George R. Hill, Jr., and Charley R. Mabey, Chairmen: Nicholas G. Smith, German E. Ellsworth, Le-Roi C. Snow, Ernest P. Horsley

## The New Organization Plan

UNQUESTIONABLY the most important step taken in many years in connection with the Lesser Priesthood is the new correlation plan projected by the Presiding Bishopric in cooperation with the General Superintendencies of Sunday School and Y. M. M. I. A. at the April Conference.

Under this plan the entire boy leadership of the Church is to be correlated in a plan to bring every boy from 12 to 20 into the Church organizations and to give him friendly co-operation and guidance. Heretofore our work has been highly departmentalized with most of the leadership "organization-minded." Under the new plan, all boy leaders are asked to be "boy-minded" and to place the boy and his welfare above the importance of any organization. All organizations are now to work to bring the boy not only into their own groups, but into each of the three groups—the Priesthood Quorum, Sunday School, and M. I. A. as represented in Scouting, Vanguard work and M Men groups. In each ward a monthly meeting of all boy leaders is to be held with a definite order of business and projects for consideration being initiated by the general Church office. This ward meeting is to report to a similar meeting to be held in each stake including all the stake boy leadership and in return reports will be made to the general correlation committee.

Considering the many influences with which our boys have to contend, it is planned that this program will prove more helpful and effective than any similar movement heretofore that has been undertaken.

### Vanball

The Vanguard Committee of the General Board, in cooperation with the Latter-day Saint Scout Executives of all the surrounding councils, has outlined what is believed to be an outstanding program for boys of the Vanguard age—15 to 16 years. In this program athletics will play a big part. The athletic sport planned for Church-wide contest is "Vanball," a new game designed especially for the Vanguard groups. "Vanball" is based largely upon the game of volleyball which in the last few years has become the major sport of the Y. M. C. A. both at home and abroad and is rapidly gaining popularity throughout

the world. To the game of volleyball have been added some of the most interesting features of tennis, basketball, soccer, and other popular sports. From a standpoint of balanced physical development, and the opportunity to develop skill, grace, and agility, "Vanball" is destined to become an important sport.

The Church-wide contest will be conducted very largely along the lines now being followed by the M Men in basketball.

## What Kind of a Boy Scout Are You?

What kind of a scout are you, dear boy? Are you loyal to your promises, loyal and true?

Do you answer the call, and receive the joy?

And are you regular at scout meeting too? As a member, you know, you are taught to do good.

Do you help the widows, by cutting the wood?

Are you always on hand, to help with the work.

With a chance for service, how much do you shirk?

Do you row up life's stream with whole-hearted zest?

Pulling the oars and doing your best, Meeting life's problems as they come in sight.

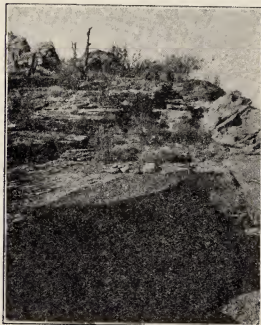
O'ercoming evil and doing what's right? Have you asked yourself these questions?

Have the answers satisfied too?

If not, dear boy, I ask you

What kind of a scout are you?

—By H. Eugene Hughes



## Leadership in Scouting

(From a talk given at June Conference, 1931, by Ernest P. Horsley.)

MUCH talk of leadership has caused ward authorities to remark that there is a discrimination against the ordinary member and that only professional men and women are being noticed and used.

Perhaps there is a slight tendency on the part of some to over-state the leadership question, but it is not a fact that many stake and ward officers are overlooking the absolute necessity of making practical approach to consistent and efficient leadership, and accepting the passive and indifferent notion of "Anyone" will do regardless of personality and adaptation for purpose.

We have thousands of boys in this nation and only a small percentage are properly directed because of lack of leadership.

Much valuable time is being wasted in the training of boys. Time cannot be recalled. It is valuable and this practical age is demanding conservation of time and effort and proper utilization of the same. Let us think of the subject in hand on the basis of actual merit.

### LEADER

One who leads the way or, one who inspires from the side lines or from the rear.

It is one who brings together factors that make for success.

One who has perspiration sufficient to deliver the inspiration that his aspirations hoped for.

One with Poise, Efficiency and Peace.

One who leads the way and inspires others to follow by his spirit of "Come On," or his stimulating spirit and genius that says "Go on! You can do it," or his companionable influence that makes his followers resolve and decide—"We can, we know we can."

### LEADERSHIP IN SCOUTING

Calls for and depends upon proper understanding of Scouting and its objectives.

### SCOUTING

A process of making real men out of real boys by a real program, and interesting, growth-producing, character-building program of activities. A program that gives the boy a chance to serve his community. It is the program that sanctifies the home, stabilizes the boy in the divine, keeps his body a clean receptacle for the indwelling of the holy spirit, the essential power to fortify the physical strength required of a real American Scout.

It is a program of thrift and industry, professional attainment, reverent solidarity; and will be demanded to protect our great America and the

strength necessary for the proclamation of truth in all the world.

### L. D. S. SCOUTS

Our Scout organization is great; our success very marked, but what can it be if we will just be sincere, energetic, and untiring in our endeavors for a progressive and devoted leadership?

### ESSENTIALS IN SCOUT LEADERSHIP

*Conversion*—A love for God, for boys and the accomplishment of our plan.

*Love* is the power that molds And forms of life the greater part That wondrous fairest flower That blooms within the human heart."

*Preparation*—Know your job; study the boy, the program.

*Cleanliness*—He must be physically clean. Wear clean clothes, even though poor.

Bathe often and be neat in appearance.

He must be mentally clean, not a curser, not a teller of colored jokes.

He must be above reproach morally. He must not be familiar. If married should confine his "loves" to his family.

*Reality*—He should have character—not simply a reputation.

*Faith*—He should have a firm and devoted faith in the Gospel. His faith should be as Brother Talmage defined "the secret of ambition, the soul of heroism, the motive power of all effort."

Think of the inspiration that the leader would utter in sayings familiar to the following:

"I believe in the world and its bigness and splendor  
That most of the hearts beating around us are tender;  
That days are but footsteps and years are but miles  
That lead us to beauty and singing and smiles;  
That roses that blossom and toilers that plod  
Are filled with the glorious spirit of God.

### THE LEADER SHOULD STRIVE FOR THE FOLLOWING QUALIFICATIONS:

*Be Liked by the Boys*—Leader must run his train on tracks of boys interest.

*Example*—Personal example and counsel of Scout Master greatest single factor.

*Organization*—Ability to assign, check up, and see that the boys do things.

*Nature*—Should know and love the out-of-doors.

*Sportsmanship*—Seek for a keen sense of sportsmanship.

*Cheerful*—Carry a wholesome

smile. It is the badge of the greatest lodge in the world.

*Humble*—"Thy will O Lord, not mine be done."

*Appreciative*—

"Be grateful for the kindly friends that walk along your way;

Be grateful for the skies of blue that smile from day to day;

Be grateful for the health you own, the work you find to do,

For round about you there are men less fortunate than you."

*Tolerant*—"Show me the diameter of a man's tolerance and I will show you the circumference of his intelligence."—Reed.

*Kind*—"Kind words are sweet tones of the heart."

*Companionable*—"Be a friend, you don't need money; just a disposition sunny."



## BEEHIVE GIRLS DEPARTMENT Committee

Sarah R. Cannon, Chairman; Catherine Folsom, Vida F. Clawson, Glenn J. Beeley, Marie C. Thomas, Elsie T. Brandley

### Handcraft

AS announced in previous issues of the *Era*, questions regarding handcraft are answered in this month's magazine by Mrs. Glenn J. Beeley. If you have other problems concerning this activity, write to her, in care of the Bee-Hive department, 33 Bishop's Building, and the replies will appear in the earliest possible issue. (See page 593, this issue.)

### Swarm Days Prove Interesting

#### BLACKFOOT STAKE

AT the Swarm-Day gathering of the Bee-Hive Girls of Blackfoot stake, all joined in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." They also gave in unison and from memory the "Spirit of the Hive" and the "Womanho Call." Four talks were given on the meaning of Swarm Day and the Cycle of Life. Stunts, songs and other musical numbers were followed by two plays, "Facing the Facts" and "Rain-bow Seekers." A Japanese operetta, folk dances and prizes for the best scrap-books were given. The girls, standing in formation, were awarded certificates of graduation, marking one of the most successful Swarm Days ever held by the stake.

#### DESERET STAKE

Bee Hive Swarm Day was held April 18th in Delta. The day was a beautiful one and the Bee Hive Girls and their mothers were in attendance. There were 42 graduate girls. The day's program began at 11 o'clock with singing and prayer. A dramatization of each field of service was presented by different wards, after which the certificates were presented and lunch eaten.

A five minute talk by a girl from each swarm, a retold story, and dancing from three wards finished the day's program.

#### PAROWAN STAKE

The Swarm Day of this stake, the first ever held, was most delightful in every respect, and the crowning event of a very successful year of Bee-Hive work. Almost two hundred officers and girls were present, and enjoyed a day of fun and friendly rivalry. Bee-Hive songs, five-minute talks, musical numbers and presentation of General Board Awards were the outstanding features of the program. Following this athletic games were participated in, and also a delightful supper. In the evening a contest in one-act plays was staged before an enthusiastic audience, music being presented between plays. Honors were shared by the various wards, and the day voted a great success.

#### GARFIELD STAKE

The Swarm Day of Garfield stake was held in connection with the Stake Honor Day. Contests in stunts, songs, five-minute talks, folk dances and scrap-books were on the program, and one-act plays and handcraft displays were additional features. A delightful and enjoyable time was had.

#### BOISE STAKE

The Boise Stake Swarm Day was marked by the following events: Scrap-book exhibits, contest in one-act plays, lunch and a great swimming party. It was regarded by all as a real success.

#### PIONEER STAKE

The Bee-Hive Girls of Pioneer stake held very successful Swarm Day exercises Friday evening in the Pioneer Stake Hall. A splendid program was given, in which dramatizations of cells, original stunts, singing of Bee-Hive songs, and winning contest numbers in speech, folk dancing, stunt songs and dramatizations were presented. About 100 girls took part in the exercises and 25, after having passed



the required tests, received awards of certificates, Bee-Lines and Merit Badges. Mrs. Edith Gold and Miss Louise Beckstrom, Stake Bee-Keepers were in charge of the program.

#### OQUIRRH STAKE

Oquirrh Stake held Swarm Day exercises for their Bee-Hive girls on Saturday, May 9th. The program began at 2:00 p. m., with contest tryouts in speech, retold story, and one-act plays. At 6:00 p. m. luncheon was served, at which all mothers were special guests. At 7:30 in the evening the general public was invited to attend the graduation exercises. A splendid program was presented depicting Bee-Hive work, in which about 75 Bee-Hive girls participated, 30 of which received graduation certificates, awards of Bee-Lines and Merit Badges and awards were given also to winners of the contests held in the afternoon. The entire day was declared a great success. Mrs. May Bello and Mrs. G. A. Bullock, Stake Bee-Keepers were in charge.

#### ENSIGN STAKE

Ensign Stake Swarm Day was held May 15th at 7:30 p. m. in the 20th Ward Recreation Hall on 2nd Avenue and "G" Streets. About 200 Bee-Hive girls participated in an excellent program which was presented including a one-act First Aid Play, called "Friends in Need," written by Stake Bee-Keeper LaVon McGhie, dramatizations, and winning contest numbers in folk dancing, five minute talks, original stunts, etc. About 70 girls passed the tests and received awards of certificates, Bee-Lines, Merit Badges, etc. The exercises were conducted by Mrs. Hazel Groesbeck and LaVon McGhie, Stake Bee-Keepers. An exhibit of the girls' handwork was also displayed.

#### GRANT STAKE

Grant Stake Swarm Day was held Saturday evening May 16th in the Grant Stake Tabernacle at 7:30 p. m. A very interesting program was prepared including contest in folk dancing in costume; scrap book and symbol contest, first and second place winners in five minute talks, Bee-Hive Choruses and stunt songs. About 300 Bee-Hive girls took part in the program and 150 girls passed the tests and received awards of certificates, Merit Badges, etc. Miss Leah Yates and Miss LaRue Behunin, Stake Bee-Keepers were in charge of the program. There was also an exhibit of the girls' handwork.

#### GRANITE STAKE

Granite Stake Swarm Day exercises were held Friday evening, May 15th at 7:30 p. m., in the Granite Stake Tabernacle, 9th East and 21st South, where an interesting program

was presented, consisting of winning contest events in speech, folk dancing, chorus, dramatization in cell filling, etc. About 80 girls received awards of Graduation Certificates, Bee-Lines, Merit Badges. The program was conducted by Mrs. Caroline Lytke and Mrs. Carol Fisher, Stake Bee-Keepers.

#### IDAHO FALLS

Beehive girls from every ward in the Idaho Falls stake took part in the annual Beehive "Swarm" day.

The contest in original songs took place with seven wards entering. Mrs. H. Ray Hatch gave a short and interesting talk on "The Cycle of Life." Contest essays on subjects such as "The Word of Wisdom," "Beehive Symbolism," "Life of the Bee," and "What Beehive Work Means to Me," were read.

Following the program at the chapel, the group was taken to the recreation hall of the tabernacle where the Honey Gatherers were placed into three formations, and given graduation certificates. Contest dances were conducted in the dances "Sweet Kate" and "The Hungarian Grief Dance." Following the dances there were stunts and entertainment presented by the various wards, with one ward presenting a play "A Conspiracy."

Exhibits of scrapbooks and handwork of the Bee-Hive girls formed an interesting phase of the day's program, with awards.

Visitors and judges from the Shelby, Rigby and Freemont stakes were present.

#### CARBON STAKE

Our Stake Swarm Day was such a success that we wish to report it in the Era.

We held a stake tryout day beforehand, giving all the Swarms from all the wards a chance to try out in the different events, the winners to appear on Swarm Day. Six one-act plays, four retold stories, four book reviews of Mother Carey's Chickens, nine five-minute talks on The Cycle of Life, Bee-Hive symbolism and Bee-Hive Plan were given at this tryout.

On Swarm Day the girls from eight different Swarms had beautiful booths arranged displaying their scrap books, art work, symbol work, etc. Hot rolls and hot baking powder biscuits were the contest numbers in cooking.

At 7 o'clock a hot chicken dinner was served to 203 Bee-Hive Girls and their mothers. Tables were beautifully decorated with carnations and roses. The Stake Board members were assisted by the Gleaner Girls in serving.

Graduation certificates were awarded to 40 girls. A five-minute talk on *The Cycle of Life*, a 15-minute book review of *Mother Carey's Chickens*, a one-act play, a retold story and a five-minute talk on Bee-Hive plan were given.

An original Swarm Song, a five-minute talk on *Bee-Hive Symbolism*, two very clever original stunts and community singing formed the remainder of the program.

All had a most delightful time and much enthusiasm was displayed by Bee-Hive girls.

## Keys to Lost Locks

[Continued from page 587]

learned by sad experience that such money does not pass current in Italy, nor in Egypt, nor in Palestine or Greece. I grew somewhat weary of my massive pocket piece, which felt slightly larger and heavier than a silver dollar; especially as it began to occur to me that some designing Swiss had taken advantage of me. But not at all: there were still locks that key would open, even if it was out of fashion elsewhere. for on my return to Switzerland after six months' absence, the wise and prudent Swiss accepted it with alacrity. Truly—

The pedigree of money  
Does not concern the bee;  
A clover anywhere to him  
Is aristocracy.

OF course words have been from time immemorial the greatest keys to unlock doors and open caskets and caverns. "Open! Se-

same" is but a symbol of thousands of such passwords; indeed in a sense most words are keys admitting us in an instant to a room, a mood or a vista. At a loss for a word, you feel in all the pockets of memory for it like a man fumbling for a key. And why? Because it is the key to some door before which you stand halted until the magic word is found. Bishop Anderson used to point out in his delightful way the curious experience of the word "Conversation" in the English Bible. From meaning what you do, in the sixteenth century, it had come to mean what you say, in the nineteenth. It had lost its old lock—but it had found a new one.

You stand in a strange city groping for a name—of a hotel, a street, a person. For if you find it it will open for you doors of hospitality, opportunity, experience. A man affronts you and irritates you; hot words pass; it

comes out that he is from Boston; knows your wife's uncle Henry; magnificent fellow! You say so too. All is forgiven. You shake hands and are suddenly friends. A name has been the key to mutual confidence.

Learned members of Phi Beta Kappa no longer wind their watches on retiring to rest with the emblem of that illustrious sodality; yet there can be little doubt it once served that purpose, and was expected by the founders thus nightly to remind its wearers of their devotion to *Philosophia* forever. But alas for man's devices! With the advent of the stem winder, the function disappeared, and now new candidates for such honors have to be told what the thing is, or rather was.

TWICE every year the City of Destruction is plastered with posters calling upon the inhabitants to vote for Ryan, Gahan, or Fehan. There is, it is true, a city ordinance forbidding this practice, but it is politely relaxed at elections when some millions of violations of it regularly occur. I do not rise to complain of this; that would be futile; but only to point out that after a certain evening in November they are out of date—defunct, *passé*. And still they wave, stained and tattered, for months and even years, clamoring to us to vote for a host of nobodies long since defeated and forgotten—keys to lost locks in the house of Demos, their god.

So many slogans in politics, so many catchwords in religion, so

many poses in literature are keys to lost locks. Think of the old proverbs and mottoes that unlocked doors to success and mastery for a former age, but are so useless now. And is anything more pathetic than to see some old fellow fumbling about today with a handful of these old keys? Unless it be to find a young person similarly employed. But what can they do? They have found or inherited these keys, and rightly believe that they were made to fit locks. And some logical people with an attic full of these keys, naturally conclude that if there are really no locks any more that they will fit, the thing to do is to make locks to fit the keys.

So we see people busily engaged upon the futile task of making locks for the old keys.

## Mayor Presents Typewriters to Winners



Mr. Pitts of Woodstock  
Typewriter Company

Warren Perry

Margaret Cannegieter

Mayor Bowman

At assembly of students of Henager Business College held July 2, Mayor Bowman gave a very interesting talk on business opportunities, after which he presented the above typewriters to Miss Cannegieter and Mr. Perry with congratulations on their fine work. The typewriters were won by these young people for having written 96 and 92 words per minute, respectively, without error in contest work. This is the only instance where two Woodstock

Typewriters have been won by students of one school at the same time.

They are also the first Woodstock typewriters to be awarded in the inter-mountain territory.

The need of proficiency was never more important than it is today. A course in Henager Business College is inexpensive and gives the proper foundation for future success. It takes only a short time with us to obtain a good practical education that will

be used in any line of endeavor. It is the best investment one could possibly make.

New students are enrolling each week. Positions secured for graduates. The school received 367 calls for office help during the past year and was unable to fill all of them. Anyone interested is cordially invited to call, write or 'phone to Henager Business College, 45 East Broadway, Salt Lake City, for full information concerning courses, etc. When writing please mention "Era."

(Advertisement)



# A Daughter of Martha

[Continued from page 597]

dressed for the war path, and again Margaret Kirkman felt a sickening weakness. True, they were not black; but their lithe, stalwart bodies were built for ruthless action, their eyes were cruelly cold. It was their first encounter with Indians, and therein Stephen Kirkman learned a lesson he never forgot. He soon learned that it is the height of folly to lie to or joke with, an Indian.

From the security of the front wagon, Gloria peered out at the Indians, fascinated by their bright feathers and painted faces. Their ponies were lively and spotted, like the pattern on calico. Seeing her brothers talking with them, she grew bolder and drew back the canvas.

"That your squaw?" demanded the chief, pointing a feathered arrow at Gloria's bright head.

Stephen nodded, and thought to have fun. "How many ponies you give me for her?" he queried.

The chief instantly became serious. He called his warriors, had them double up and promptly offered five ponies in exchange for the squaw, whose bright tresses so fascinated him.

STEPHEN knew his mistake and was deeply troubled. "No—no—" he shook his head. "Little squaw. Heap little squaw." He motioned behind him with his hands, and the alert Gloria slipped quickly from her own wagon to the inner side of the circle. She did not know just what it was all about, but understood she was a part of the argument, from the glances the chief had cast toward her. She entered another wagon and hid under a feather bed. The chief continued his demands and finally dismounted and ransacked the Kirkman wagon, turning everything topsy-turvy, grunting his disgust at the escape of the squaw whom he had coveted. Finally he rode off, vowing vengeance. Gloria remained in hiding all evening, and the crestfallen and wiser Stephen assumed all the tasks of rearranging the disheveled wagon. But the incident was not ended, and the captain of the company, wise to the ways of Indians,

doubled the night watch, and put all the cattle inside the circle. Just before dawn, from the security of a nearby hill, the band of Indians bore down upon them. Screaming their inimitable war cry, they circled the camp, seeking to stampe the oxen. Inside her wagon, Margaret Kirkman wondered if Indians were as cruel to their captives as the Hottentots and Kafirs, and she thought of her dead father and brothers. But as she prayed for deliverance, she prepared extra ammunition, knowing that Stephen, who assumed all blame for the attack, had placed himself in the most dangerous post. But no shots were fired; the Indians had sought only to stampe the oxen, leaving the immigrants helpless. That night, when the train was fifteen miles further along, Stephen, always slow of speech made the terse comment:

"Indians are not like negroes. You can't joke with them. If I could find some black dye, I would dip Gloria's hair."

A MONTH later Gloria started out with her youngest brother Henry, to drive the milk cows. They left camp an hour early, in order to seek noon pasture for the cows. Gloria had begged for days for this privilege, and now Margaret Kirkman felt the day was propitious as the country seemed level and smooth. If she tired, she could rest under a tree or by a stream to await the train.

Gloria slipped ahead of the placid, browsing cows. She chased a squirrel until he found refuge in a hole; she was enthralled by the song of a bird from a nearby tree. She sucked the nectar from the stems of the ant lillies, and searched diligently for thimble berries. She flung her slatted bonnet back from her face as the morning grew warmer, and let the prairie wind ruffle her curls. She filled her pockets with delicately lined stones, and assisted her brother to drag a dead tree close to the trail, so the train would find it and bring the precious firewood into camp. She saw beauty in a line of buffalo profiled on a hill top. Finally tiring, she sat down to await the

train, while her brother went on with the herd.

AS soon as Henry was out of sight, Gloria felt the silence and loneliness of her vigil. The endless prairie seemed to rise up and press upon her child's vision. The bird had stopped singing. The little creek flowed without a murmur. Even the buffalo had disappeared from the low hill top. She became frightened and regretted her adventure. A little breeze

## Public Speaking - Has Its Rewards

If you are interested—

—to develop the ability to speak effectively in public or in everyday conversation—to forge ahead twice as fast as you are now doing, read *How to Work Wonders With Words* now sent free.

This new booklet, recently published, points the road that thousands have followed to increase quickly their earning power and popularity.

It also explains how you can, by a new, easy home study method, become an outstanding speaker and conquer stage fright, timidity and fear. To read this booklet will prove to be an evening well spent.

Simply send name and address and this valuable free booklet will be sent at once. No obligation.

**NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE**

3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 418-C Chicago, Ill.

## Long Life



"CATERPILLAR" Tractors work four seasons of the year doing all the power jobs on the farm,—year in and year out. Records show machines ten and twelve years old doing faithful work. Why buy new machines every two or three years. Use a "Caterpillar"—your life-long friend.

**Landes Tractor & Equipment Co.**

236 West South Temple  
Salt Lake City



## REGAL

### Cleaning & Dyeing Co.

Every article which leaves our shop is not only cleaned and refreshed but also *guaranteed free from objectionable odor of all cleaning materials.*

Mail orders handled carefully and promptly



Salt Lake's Master Cleaners and Dyers

Call Hy. 65

444 East Second South St.

## PEWS Pulpits CHAIRS

Folding,  
Kindergarten

and Opera

Bank, Office, Church and Store  
Fixtures

Salt Lake Cabinet &  
Fixture Company

32 Richards Street  
Write us for prices



## BE INDEPENDENT

No Other Vocation So Profitable!

ENROLL NOW

For a Complete Course at the

## Quish School of Beauty Culture

The Best in the West

304-9 Ezra Thompson Bldg.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

For Further Information  
and Catalog Call  
Wasatch 7560 or  
Fill in This  
Coupon

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

fanned her curls and carried with it a faint cry. A human voice, faint, but unmistakably human: "Help!"

Gloria glanced fearfully about her. Indians! was her first conclusion. Indians come to steal her. Indians who loved red hair. Gloria cried aloud in her sudden fright, and this time the breeze brought a louder, more hopeful cry: "Help—I am hurt!"

INDIANS did not talk that way, nor Kafirs. Perhaps one of those negroes over whom the white men were foolishly fighting. But somewhere there was a human, needing help. That hereditary power which urges all true Englishmen never to give up an undertaking came to her aid. The power which had urged a grandfather through the battle of Waterloo, that had turned her mother's face westward, urged the child Gloria. She gave a loud *Halloo* and was answered with another faint cry, from farther up the creek. Flinging away her bonnet, she hastened in the direction of the cry. Shortly she found a saddle bag, farther on a canteen, then a gun. A little farther, and she came upon a prostrate, wounded man. His bloody shirt indicated a chest wound; his lips were parched with fever. He lay prostrate on the creek bank, unable to move. He was tantalizingly near the stream, without strength to crawl to it.

"Water, child," he muttered. "Water!"

Afterwards, Gloria's memory seemed hazy as to how she accomplished the feat. But having revived the man with water, and telling him of her train which would soon pass on the trail, she urged him to crawl to the trail before they passed. She half carried him, half dragged him down the slight incline. He was slightly built and Gloria had a sinewy strength in her slender limbs and arms. Frequent rests; much en-

couragement, and finally they came in sight of the trail and the approaching ox train.

"Mother," gasped Gloria, "I have saved a man. He is not black like the Kafirs; nor red like the Indians. He is white. He is red with blood."

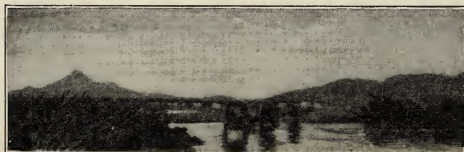
Gentle, willing hands lifted the injured man to a bed in a wagon. The captain had a slight knowledge of surgery. Sage tea was quickly prepared and hot drinks administered. The man slept, and later told his story.

"I am Jonas Whitman from England. My wife and two sons are ahead in Captain Dread's company. Two days ago Indians stole four fine horses, and three of us returned to find them. I became separated from my companions, and my horse stumbled in a badger hole and discharged my gun—I guess into my shoulder. I thought I was raving with fever when I caught a glimpse of her bright curls, with the sunlight on them. Then I called for help. The Lord sent her to me." He smiled his gratitude and ran a caressing hand over the curls. Gloria thought his visionary, dreamy eyes were very beautiful.

WHEN the party camped for noon, Henry was much impressed with his sister's adventure. "You were brave, Curly," he praised, and she felt repaid for the effort. Before the train started again, a whirl of dust was noticed approaching them, and soon a light wagon drove into camp, horse drawn. Two worried men came up. Had anyone seen a man? He was slightly built, and wore a shepherd plaid suit. His companions had missed him; his wife was distracted.

When they drove away with an improvised bed in the back of the wagon, Jonas Whitman stroked the red curls and gave her a benevolent smile:

"Little girl, you were Heaven sent. Only through your efforts





am I restored to my family. May your courage stay with you throughout your life, Crown of Glory."

The train arrived in Salt Lake City September first. Captain Patterson congratulated all four of the Kirkman sons on their prowess and training for pioneer life. He praised young Gloria for her bravery. He reassured the timid Margaret Kirkman that coyotes were not man eating, that Indians did not always carry off little girls, that life would be worth the living.

THE two wagons had stood up under a severe test, but now one wheel required repairs. So Stephen rolled the weakened wheel to a blacksmith shop and his mother went along, to do some other shopping as well. When the job was finished, Margaret Kirkman reached into her voluminous pocket for the purse where she had kept a precious five hundred dollars in gold. She had had no occasion to use any of the money since leaving Omaha, three months before. To her astonishment and grief, the purse was not there.

She felt in her other pocket. She hastily searched for a possible hole, but both pockets were sound. "Stephen" she called in terror—"my purse—our money is gone. I have lost all our money. Five hundred dollars. My pockets are empty!"

A hasty return to camp only brought the consolation of sympathizing friends. A hurried search of the two wagons, a return with horse and cart to the scene of the last camp fire gave only false hopes. The money was gone. Their supplies were practically exhausted. There was not even sufficient funds to pay the blacksmith for his services. The hope of purchasing a home, of buying provisions, of filing on land, all seemed vanished and blasted.

"I have only that black silk that is not cut," with hope almost dead in her heart, Margaret Kirkman wondered how she could pay

the smith his just bill. "Perhaps we can sell that silk," she thought. "Perhaps I could sell my gun," volunteered Stephen.

WITH the beautiful silk pattern on her arm, and the English made gun over Stephen's shoulder, together they traveled from door to door. But money was hardly known, barter being the means of exchange. Finally they returned to the smith's shop. "You may have the silk for your bill," Margaret Kirkman was too weary even to cry. "I cannot pay you in money."

"So fine a silk is not fitted to this land of pioneering," the smith was not unkind, but frank. "I need sturdy homespun for my children's clothes. But I will take part. Perhaps my wife can at some time wear it. You are a sister in distress."

He measured off six yards with his begrimed hands, and Stephen rejoiced that the cloth was black. They returned to the night camp. Gloria and the boys had prepared a meal the best they could, of the few provisions still left. Too weary to eat, Margaret Kirkman sought the seclusion of her wagon and knelt in prayer.

"Dear Lord," she muttered, "guide me to my lost purse."

AS she rose to rejoin her family, a severe wind struck the wagon. The canvas sides flapped; the bows creaked, the contents of the wall pocket fell into the wagon. Margaret Kirkman reached to replace them. In the bottom of one pocket she felt a leather pouch; it was heavy with metal that clinked. In a flash she remembered. When the Indians had tried to stampede the cattle, she had transferred the money from her dress to the wall pocket, thinking it was safer.

She stepped out to call the children. The air was unstirred and calm. No wind was rustling the canvas of the other wagons.

(To be continued)

## THE NEW BOOK ENTITLED

# Natural Government

by

BENJ. B. STRINGHAM

*Outlines a Feasible Solution to the Present Unequal Distribution of Wealth and the Unemployment Situation*

Procure a Copy Without Delay

\* \* \*

Distributed by

DESERET BOOK COMPANY

44 East South Temple  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Price \$1.50

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Joseph Wm. Taylor  
Mortuary

Wishes to Announce to their Many  
Friends their Incorporation under  
the Name of

Joseph Wm. Taylor  
Inc.

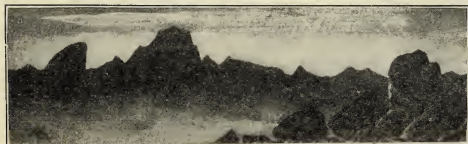
The high class efficient service will  
continue with the same personnel  
that assisted Mr. Taylor.

125 No. Main Was. 7600

"The cost is a matter of your  
own desire."

Marguerite Taylor Lukey  
Pres. and Treas.

William C. Lukey  
Vice Pres. and Mgr.





Not every bottle of milk brings you a handy supply of cream that will whip. But the Clover Leaf-Harris cream - top bottle does just that! It takes good, rich milk to produce cream that whips—milk extra rich in butterfat—such as Clover Leaf-Harris Milk. And the cream-top bottle enables you easily to pour off the cream without disturbing the rest of the milk.

Cream that will whip costs you nothing extra when you take Clover Leaf-Harris Milk. Phone us today.

**Clover Leaf-Harris MILK**  
WASATCH 2177

## PUTTING NEW ZEST IN LIVING

Modern diet hangs too many anchors on health. You can feel the drag. You live, but the thrill is lacking.

Vibrant health, radiant energy depend upon internal behavior. And nothing maintains this inner cleanliness so perfectly as proper diet.

To start afresh, to work back to health, use Lacto-Dextrin. It maintains inner cleanliness by driving out the putrefactive germs. Lacto-Dextrin and other Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Foods can be obtained at the

## Z. C. M. I. FREE DIET ADVICE

At Battle Creek we maintain a staff of dietitians to advise you on any diet problem. Check your particular diet problem on the coupon below and mail to Ida Jean Kain, our chief dietitian. She will send you suggestions for your individual diet, without charge. Naturally, no diagnosis of any disease will be attempted. Consult your physician for that. "Healthful Living," a most helpful book written by a leading nutrition expert will also be sent free. This offer to assist you is bona fide and without obligation. The advice may be followed with utmost confidence whether you use the foods in this System or not.

### MAIL COUPON TODAY

Ida Jean Kain Z.C.M.I.-1  
THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO.,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to avail myself of your Free Diet Service. My diet problem is checked below.  
☐ Overweight ☐ Underweight ☐ Constipation  
☐ Sour Stomach (Check your diet problem)

Name .....  
 Address .....  
 City ..... State .....

# Foods for Health

## Frozen Desserts and Cooling Drinks

[Continued from page 611]

### Parfait

**PARFAIT** (perfect) so called because of its smooth velvety texture—a parfait may be any flavor, and is usually made by boiling a large cup of sugar with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of water until it threads, or forms a hard ball in cold water. Beat stiff the whites of 3 eggs, and *slowly* beat in the syrup. When cold fold in 1 pint of cream very stiffly whipped. Flavor and pack in ice and salt or put in mechanical ice box several hours.

#### Maple Parfait

4 egg yolks  
 1 cup maple syrup  
 1 pint whipping cream  
 1 tablespoon cold water  
 Heat maple syrup in double boiler. Beat the egg yolks slightly—add tablespoon water, then *slowly* stir them into the hot syrup. Cook, stirring continually until mixture thickens. When cold add cream, very stiffly whipped. Pack in ice and salt or let stand in a mechanical ice box several hours.

### Frozen Custard

2 cups rich milk  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cup sugar  
 3 eggs  
 Pinch of salt  
 1 tablespoon gelatin  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon  
 Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Heat the milk in a double boiler. Beat the egg yolks, add sugar, and beat again, then pour into the scalding milk—cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture coats the spoon. Add gelatin and stir until it is dissolved. Add flavoring, put in molds and when cool pack in salt and ice or put in mechanical ice box for several hours. When ready to serve, make a meringue of the whites of the 3 eggs and powdered sugar and cover the frozen pudding. Place under flame 1 minute to brown and serve at once.

### Apple Cream Cake

2 cups thick apple sauce  
 1 cup sugar  
 Pinch of salt  
 Plain cake  
 1 cup whipping cream  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  
 1 tablespoon gelatin  
 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Soak gelatin in cold water. Heat the applesauce, add sugar and lemon juice and then the soaked gelatin; stir until the gelatin is thoroughly dissolved. When cool add the cream stiffly whipped. Have ready a fruit-dish lined with slices of plain cake, fill the center with mixture, and place in ice box 1 hour before serving.

### Cooling Drinks

**DOCTORS** tell us that the average person should drink from 6 to 8 glasses of water a day, and that people who are active, especially in hot weather, should increase this amount. When we stop to consider that 65% of the body consists of water, which is constantly evaporating and passing away, we can readily see the necessity of renewing the supply. Some water is found in all the food we take, but the greater portion must be taken as pure water, or water flavored and disguised as a beverage.

In hot weather cooling drinks are very refreshing and very necessary, but they should be taken *slowly*, and never in great quantities with meals as they are apt to chill the digestive organs, and depress the nerve centers.

#### Mint Punch

Pick the leaves from 1 bunch of mint and place in a 2 quart glass jar. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar and 1 cup of cold water. Seal jar and shake until sugar is dissolved. Add the juice of 6 lemons, 2 cups red raspberry juice and 1 cup red currant juice. *Shake again, strain and chill.* When ready to serve add 1 pint of sparkling water, and 1 pint of cracked ice.

#### Pineapple Punch

1 large can shredded pineapple  
 2 quarts of water  
 1 pound of sugar  
 4 oranges  
 1 dozen lemons  
 1 pint of white grape juice  
 Mix sugar with pineapple add water and grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 orange. Put on stove and boil for 5 minutes. When cool add lemon and orange juice. Strain and add grape juice, and when ready to serve add ice.

#### Spiced Lemonade

1 cup sugar  
 2 cups water  
 4 lemons  
 Grated peel of 1 lemon  
 3 whole cloves  
 1 inch stick cinnamon  
 Boil the sugar, water, lemon peel, cloves and cinnamon stick together for 5 minutes. When cool add the juice of 4 lemons and strain. Chill and when ready to serve add 1 pint of cold water and 1 pint of cracked ice.

#### Loganberry and Grape Punch

1 cup loganberry juice  
 1 cup grape juice  
 3 pints of plain water  
 1 cup lemon juice  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 pint sparkling water



Dissolve sugar in lemon juice, then add loganberry juice, grape juice and plain water. Chill, and just before serving add the sparkling water. Pour over ice in punch bowl or serve in tall glasses partly filled with ice.

#### Fruit Juice Whip

Whip the white of 1 egg and add to it 1 tablespoon of sugar. Add to this 2/3 cup of unsweetened fruit juice, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and 2/5 cup of ice water. Serve at once.

#### Iced Postum

- 12 teaspoons postum.
- 1 pint boiling water
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 quart of rich milk

Thoroughly dissolve the postum in the boiling water and add the milk scalding hot. Chill and serve in tall glasses with tablespoon of ice cream on top—or whipped cream may be used if preferred.

#### Tomato Cocktail

- 4 cups of tomato juice
- 1/2 teaspoon of salt
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- Paprika

Put all ingredients together in glass jar, seal and shake. Thoroughly chill and serve with these puffs, or toasted crackers and cheese.

#### Cold Consomme

FEW people care for hot soup in summer weather, but soup is a nourishing dish and when jellied and served very cold is delicious on a hot day. There are now on the market some very satisfactory consomme powders, also canned soup stock, so that making jellied consomme is a simple matter.

- 4 cups soup stock
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons of gelatin
- Grated peel of 1 lemon
- Small bit of onion
- Dash of cayenne
- Salt

Soak the gelatin in 1 cup of cold soup stock. Heat the other 3 cups of stock and add lemon juice, grated lemon rind and seasoning. Add soaked gelatin to the hot mixture and stir until dissolved. Set aside to cool then place in ice chest until thoroughly chilled. Serve in bouillon cups with sprinkling of finely chopped parsley on top. Care should be taken to have cold consomme a delicate jelly, much less firm than salad gelatin.

#### August Tomatoes

TOMATOES are usually at their best in August, they are likely to become acid and watery later on. Tomatoes as prepared by the canning factories are very satisfactory and unless there is an over production in the kitchen garden it is a waste of time and energy to do home canning. But there is a way of preparing the "salad tomato cup" for winter use that may

## Kerr Fruit Jars and Caps

MADE IN FOUR STYLES  
NATIONAL DISTRIBUTION THROUGH  
RETAIL STORES  
ADAPTED TO ALL METHODS OF CANNING



KERR JARS are made of Crystal Glass and are equipped with Gold Enameled CAPS which are absolutely impervious to all food acids.

Send for FREE BOOKLETS on HEALTH and Canning Questions



### KERR GLASS MANUFACTURING CORP.

Los Angeles, California

Sand Spring, Oklahoma

Portland, Oregon

## INSURE

Your registered stock and dairy herds against death from any cause.

## INSURE

Your animals while in transit to market.

Let us quote you rates.

## HEBER J. GRANT & COMPANY

20 Main Street

Salt Lake City, Utah



## TEMPLE BRAND GARMENTS

Of superior quality and workmanship

manufactured for the

SALT LAKE KNITTING STORE

And sold at prices defying competition. When ordering from us remember We Pay Postage

#### FOR LADIES

No.		
708	Flat Weave	\$ .90
719	Ribbed Light Weight	1.20
782	Fine Quality Cotton	1.35
751	Fine Silk Lisle	1.35
711	Silk Stripe Med. Wt.	1.40
749	Fine Quality Cotton	1.20
762	Non-Run Rayon	1.00
717	Rayon Crepe De-Chine	1.95
715	Super Quality Rayon	1.95
720	Fine Quality Non-Run Rayon	1.75

#### FOR MEN

No.		
600	Fine Quality Silk Stripe	\$1.40
610	Ribbed Light Wt.	1.20
602	Extra Fine Quality	1.35
614	Med. Wt. Ex. Quality	1.50
635	Men's Run Proof Rayon Mesh	1.95
663	Med. Heavy Unbleached Cotton	1.75
664	Med. Heavy Wt. Cotton	1.75
630	Extra Heavy Unbleached	2.25
651	Silk Lisle	1.85
620	Fine Quality Non-Run	2.50

Garments Marked Upon Request, 15c; for Cotton Silk, 25c

20% Extra Charge for Sizes over 46

Do not fail to specify New or Old Style and if for Man or Woman. Also state if long or short sleeve, short or long legs are wanted. Give accurate Bust Measurement. Height and Weight. Samples Sent Upon Request.

### SALT LAKE KNITTING STORE

70 So. Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah—OLDEST KNITTING STORE IN UTAH



New recipes for cold drinks, salads, nourishing summer foods . . . in the convenient, 84-page, loose-leaf Segó cook book. Write for free copy, Segó Milk Products Co., Salt Lake City.

*Segó Musical Menus*

Popular music, and Miss Barbara Badger, Segó Milk Home Service Department. Daily except Sunday, 10 to 10:15 a. m. KDYL.



## Before Fall

## Plan Fall Painting

**BENNETT'S**



## PAINT PRODUCTS

... long preferred for the decoration and protection of all surfaces, interior and exterior.

Manufactured and sold by  
**BENNETT GLASS & PAINT CO.**  
SALT LAKE CITY

Dealers throughout Utah, southern Idaho and Neighboring States

be of interest to people who are unable to buy fresh tomatoes during the winter months.

Select smooth tomatoes, all about the same size. Skin and cut a thin slice off the flower end; remove seeds and pulp, being careful not to break the walls of the inside partitions. To every cupful of pulp and seed add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water and put altogether in a large cooking vessel, place over the fire, and bring to a boil. Put the empty tomato cups or shells into this boiling mixture, cover closely and continue to boil slowly 15 minutes. Have ready wide mouthed glass jars, thoroughly cleaned and heated. Remove the tomato shells, one by one from the cooking vessel and place in the jars, being careful not to crowd, then fill the jar to the top with the juice and pulp; run a silver knife around the inside of the jar to be sure there are no air pockets, then seal.

Tomatoes put up in this way keep perfectly. The tomato cups are very nice as salad containers and really have a better flavor than many of the fresh tomatoes that are shipped in during the winter. The juice and pulp in the jars can be used in sauce or soups.

### Tomato Preserves

Tomatoes if preserved by themselves have rather a "sickish" taste, but when lemons and oranges are added they make an unusual and tasty sweet.

Skin and chop the tomatoes—about 6 cupfuls, add the chopped pulp of 2 large oranges and 1 large lemon. Cut the peel of the oranges and lemon into thin slices, cover with water and boil until tender. Drain and add the cooked pulp to the tomato, orange and lemon mixture. To every cup of mixture add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sugar. Bring to a boil, and cook slowly for about 2 hours, stirring frequently.

## Facing Life

[Continued from page 582]

books which lead into this month's objectives. He summarizes each week what he has really done in the realization of his program. "Even if I don't do all I've set out to do," he said, "it's a great game to set it all up and see how much I can really knock over."

THE spirit of the game takes the drudgery out of routine. Let me close this chapter with one of the most vivid and satisfying recollections of my life. It relates to the experiences of one of the summers in my college life. I was doing farm work to earn money toward meeting the school year's expenses. At that time my athletic

hobby was pole vaulting. Pitching hay was that summer a genuine pleasure. Not merely a job—I could see two achievements beyond throwing piles of hay. One—money toward the realization of a college degree; two—the developing of arm strength, one of the keys to progress in pole vaulting. I can hear the observation of my life-long friend and neighbor, Wm. H. Haigh, now:

"Adam, you pitch hay as if you enjoy it."

I did. It was a game. And every job since has been. I like the challenge of achievement—of perpetual growth—an ever new tomorrow.

## Embers

[Continued from page 606]

in sight of Tyson's home where we could see Mrs. Davidson with her bags and wraps pacing the porch impatiently.

As we turned in at the driveway, Hank, as if speaking to himself more than to me, uttered the words that have been repeating themselves over and over in my mind the last few days.

"Jim, I'd give the world for a son like that!"

THE Jubilee Homecoming was five years ago. We still talk of it, and of the achievements of Hank Davidson. And now we have something new to talk about.

Hank has never been back to Norton since the Homecoming, but a few days ago we learned that young Dave Kimbar had left town to go to study and work in the Davidson Laboratories of Research there in New Jersey.



# Fay Lawler, Tenderfoot

[Continued from page 603]

ance. He could not count; Red Beelzebub was snapping his jaws shut every time he opened them.

Red Beelzebub flashed past the grandstand. In one fleeting glimpse Fay caught sight of his father's face—drawn, anxious.

Suddenly Red Beelzebub went into reverse, spinning like a top backwards. Fay felt himself getting farther off balance. He fought for equilibrium. He must not lose! For a moment he set his spurs firmly in the cinch to steady himself.

Then remembering Breezy's fine exhibition of sportsmanship, he loosened his spurs, swung them to Beelzebub's shoulders. He would rather be thrown than win by means of a poor ride. The horse responded. What had seemed to Fay a hurricane sank, in comparison with what followed, to a pleasant gale. The horse went mad as he flew into the air—legs stiff and straight—outspread! Nostrils gleaming, eyes striking fire!

Red Beelzebub came down with a roar that shook the earth, then shot skyward again with that peculiar twist on his rear legs that was his best trick. Fay felt himself loosen—knew he was gone! He could never get back to balance again. He decided to go, if go he must, as Breezy had done—like a professional buckaroo. He rolled his spurs over Beelzebub's heaving ribs. The horse became suddenly steel springs. He rocked and swayed and rolled all at the same time and in a single flash. Suddenly the saddle slipped from between Fay's knees and he found himself floating through space.

Then there was a crash—a million stars—and—darkness!

WHEN Fay Lawler next opened his eyes he found himself lying among the white sheets of a hospital cot. Over him leaned his father and a man whom he took to be the doctor. He grinned feebly up at his Dad.

"Was—afraid—the hundred was gone! Tried—to stick—but I lost—the count."

"Never mind the money," his father said, seemingly from a very great distance, but the words sounded good to Fay. "Doc says

you got a broken collar bone and a banged up head," his father went on, and Fay could hear the emotion in his voice. "Says you got a sprained ankle, too."

"That all?" Fay managed to say. Something hurt fearfully somewhere, but he was determined to carry the thing off for his father's sake. "I'll soon—get over—them. But that hundred—"

His voice was stopped by his father's hand which had been placed gently over his lips. He smiled up at his Dad.

"Forget it," Franklin Lawler commanded, smiling back, and Fay could see that his eyes were moist. "We got to get you patched up, somehow."

"I'm all right—Dad," Fay said when he could, on account of the lump in his throat which his father's eyes had brought there.

A half hour later, bandaged in a half dozen places and smelling strongly of disinfectants, Fay Lawler was wheeled into a ward. His father had left to get a drink from the fountain in the hall below.

As Fay lay looking up at the ceiling wondering how much of fool and how little of Christian he had been in the whole affair, a familiar voice broke in upon his reverie.

"See who's here?"

FAY turned his head and found himself gazing into the eyes of Breezy Lyons. The cowboy was also swathed in bandages lying on an adjacent cot.

"Got yu, too, did he?" Breezy asked. "The old sun-fishin' son of a gun!"

"Yeah," Fay answered. "To me he seemed like a Kansas tornado crossed with a grizzly bear. Just plenty rough!"

"How many jumps did yu stick?"

Fay raised his hand to his bandaged head.

"Don't know—but you win, regardless. You'll get the hundred dollars—don't worry."

Breezy frowned.

"Say, do yu know who I am?" he asked in a peevish tone.

"Yeah, why?" Fay countered.

"I'm champion buckaroo of this

## The Utah High School of Beauty Culture

331 Clift Bldg., Salt Lake  
Learn a profession that would make you independent for the rest of your life. Write for catalog.

Mail this Coupon.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

We can provide room and board to students out of town.

*Distinctive*

# TYPE FACES

Correct in Style for

## Society

and

# Commercial Printing



See our specimens of  
Modern Wedding  
Invitations



## The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street  
Salt Lake City

# WINNING NEW

## Users Every Day



# CONOCO

## GERM PROCESSED

PARAFFIN BASE

# MOTOR OIL

### Index to Advertisers

Battle Creek Food Co. (Z. C. M. I.)	628
Beneficial Life Ins. Co.	Outside Back Cover
Bennett Glass & Paint Co.	630
Brigham Young University	600-601
Clover Leaf-Harris Dairy	628
Continental Oil Company	632
Deseret News Press	631
Grant, Heber J. & Co.	629
Henager Business College	624
Kerr Glass Mfg. Co.	629
Landes Tractor & Equipment Co.	625
North American Institute	625
Quish School of Beauty Culture	626
Regal Cleaning & Dyeing Co.	626
Salt Lake Cabinet & Fixture Co.	626
Salt Lake Knitting Co.	629
Stringham, Benjamin B. (Des. Sego Milk Company Book Co.)	630
Taylor, Joseph Wm. Inc.	627
University of Utah	Inside Front Cover
Utah High School of Beauty Culture	631
Utah Oil Refining Company	Inside Back Cover

country—or was. Champions are not ten centers."

"And what's the meaning of that?" Fay asked, surprised at Breezy's tone.

"That your Dad will pay me no hunderd. Champions don't collect merely because they kin, but because they win. I didn't win."

"Of course you won," Fay replied. "You rode him better than I did."

"I might a won—countin' the jumps—but I lost the count and was piled. Red Beelzebub won."

"Tenderfeet can pay when they can't make good," Fay answered. "I bragged about what I was going to do and—didn't do it." Fay's voice trembled. He felt that he had made himself ridiculous. "You were entirely right—I am a tenderfoot."

"Aw shucks!" Breezy remonstrated. "Yuh're no tenderfoot. No tenderfoot'd a tried that hawse. After seein' what he done to me a tenderfoot'd a been runnin' yet. Yu can't kid me; yu might be a sky-pilot, a bank robber or even just a darned good cowboy, but yuh're no tenderfoot."

"Is that so?" Fay countered. "I'm no tenderfoot when it comes to horses, that's true—been brought up on them. I have ridden better than I did today, but that's neither here nor there. But listen; for two years I've been trying to preach the doctrine of Christianity; I been trying to tell people about Jesus and what he would do under this or that circumstance; then along comes a cowboy and I fly back to Old Testament reactions. I got revenge in my heart right away. I wanted to get even; I wanted to fight you somehow, to embarrass you. Jesus wouldn't a done any of those things. I fell down on him in the pinch; I am a tenderfoot—yet."

"Yuh're talkin' plum Ute to me." Breezy was leaning on his elbow looking earnestly at Fay. "What would Jesus a done?"

"Jesus was no tenderfoot," Fay exclaimed enthusiastically. "There was a Man for you. He'd a said, calmly: 'You have said that I am a tenderfoot, and what of it?' He had mastered his feelings—his pride. He had the power of perfect poise. He'd a handled the situation just as you handled Red Beelzebub. Gosh, you made a beautiful ride!"

It was Breezy's turn to scratch his head.

"Don't git yu, brother," he responded. "I don't know much about Jesus—allus thought he was kind of a sissy."

Fay rose and faced the cowboy. "Jesus a sissy! Boy, you don't know him, then!" he cried. "He had courage, I can tell you, but he handled it like a—a—man—I was about to say—a God!"

"Don't matter," Breezy said. "I'm sorry I called you a tenderfoot. Yuh're game, and a guy that's game is okay with Breezy Lyons. Yu can allus depend on the game ones. Say, what's yuh name?"

Fay Grinned.

"My name's Lafayette Lawler—Fay Lawler, Copper Globe, Utah."

"Then shake, allus wanted to go to Utah," Breezy exclaimed.

"My name's Wilford Lyons—the boys allus call me Breezy—from everywhere and nowhere."

Fay held out his left hand; his right was in bandages. Breezy grasped it.

THE door opened and Franklin Lawler came in. He was grinning. He had evidently overheard some of the conversation.

"Well," he said genially, "so this is the cowboy who won the hundred dollars, is it?"

"Dad, this is Breezy Lyons," Fay broke in. "He's always wanted to see Utah, he says. He's leaving for Copper Globe with us as soon as he can travel—he looked over toward his new friend—aren't you, Breezy?"

Breezy shifted in his bed to get a better look at Franklin Lawler.

"Yu bet I am," he answered, "that is, if it's okay."

Franklin Lawler nodded. "I need two just such tenderfeet as you for the Sin Dad country," he said. "Now you fellas dry up and start gettin' well."

IF time be of all things most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing, and doing to a purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.—Franklin.





## Swift, Smooth, CAREFREE MILES!

Yes, there is a difference! Fill up with PEP 88 GASOLINE—then drive over steep hills, across open stretches, through busy traffic. You'll notice the quicker starting—the better pick-up—and the smooth, rhythmic power of this **extra processed** motor fuel!

VICO MOTOR OIL is the **partner in power** of PEP 88 GASOLINE. It is super-refined for carbon-free

purity—the cleanest oil you can put in your crankcase. VICO provides instant lubrication to the vital parts of your motor and protects it against the intense heat of summer driving.

Get the most out of your summer driving. Buy PEP 88 and VICO at any station in the intermountain territory displaying the familiar circle sign.



Manufactured and guaranteed by UTAH OIL REFINING CO., Salt Lake City

# PROTECT *your* FUTURE against STRUGGLE



**C**IVILIZATION has made human life increasingly safe. From the efforts of the pioneers at self-preservation we have progressed to the protection of life values and property values. The main purpose of the great business of insurance is to protect

values as they are, and in case of loss, to replace their worth without economic disturbance.

Make the uncertain certain. Let a representative of the Big Home Company show you a plan fitted to your family's needs.

## BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Home Office—Salt Lake City

HEBER J. GRANT, President

E. T. RALPHS, General Manager

DOES YOUR LIFE INSURANCE MONEY STAY AT HOME?